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THE

WORKS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

In TWO VOLUMES. With DECORATIONS.

—— His ego longos

Cantando puerum memini me condere soles. VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

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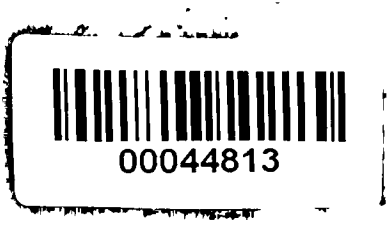
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ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

" Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man
" of genius, be it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed
" of importance; becauſe he ſpeaks from his own
" impreſſions; whereas common men publiſh com-
" mon things, which they perhaps glean'd from
" frivolous writers."

ESSAY on Writing and Books, Numb. LXIV.

ON PUBLICATIONS.

'TIS not unamuſing to conſider the ſeveral apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at leaſt a ſeeming violation of modeſty; a preſumption, on the writer's ſide, that he is able to inſtruct or to entertain the world; which implies a ſuppoſition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflexions.

To remove any prejudice this might occaſion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely ſollicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addreſſing him by the moſt tender and endearing appellations. He is in general ſtyled the moſt loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtleſs, that he will deſerve the compliment; and that his favour may be ſecured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a compoſition; the danger of an imperfect and ſurreptitious publication; the preſſing and indiſcreet inſtances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irreſiſtible commands of perſons in high life; have been excuſes often ſubſtituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The moſt allowable reaſons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amuſement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man poſſeſſed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private uſe, than the mean-ſpirited miſer, that did the ſame by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates! the former enjoys his treaſures, even while he renders others the better

better for them. A compoſition that enters the world with a view of improving or amuſing it (I mean only, amuſing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmoſt indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private intereſt appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger ſcope for accuſation, if he be a ſufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be ſaid to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be diſappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other caſes, to make the worſt of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius the caſe appears to ſtand thus. The generality of the world, diſtinguiſhed by the name of readers, obſerve with a reluctance not unnatural, a perſon raiſing himſelf above them. All men have ſome deſire of fame, and fame is grounded on compariſon. Every one then is ſomewhat inclined to diſpute his title to a ſuperiority, and to diſallow his pretenſions upon the diſcovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the perſon he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the opacity of the other more diſcernible.—Examination, however, is a ſort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a

trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and eaſy road to the temple.

When therefore, a man is conſcious of ability to ſerve his country, or believes himſelf poſſeſſed of it (for there is no previous teſt on this occaſion) he has no room to heſitate, or need to make apology—When ſelf-intereſt inclines a man to print, he ſhould conſider that the purchaſer expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reaſon to aſperſe his honeſty if he finds himſelf deceived—Alſo, that it is poſſible to publiſh a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of ſuch mercenary people.—When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it ſhould be conſidered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably loſe in point of modeſty: otherwiſe, we ſhall be cenſured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depreſs our character while we ſtrive to raiſe it.

After all, there is a propenſity in ſome to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more ſanguine of theſe employ the preſs; the leſs lively are contented with being impertinent in converſation.

On

On the TEST of POPULAR OPINION.

I HAPPEN to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academick.

SAYS the citizen, I am told continually of taſte, refinement and politeneſs; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the ſame productions with the connoiſſeurs. One rarely finds a landſkip, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic excluſive of the mechanick. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks ſtudents who labour to be dull, depraving their native reliſh by the very means they uſe to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reaſons why a compoſition pleaſes them. That mechanical diſtinction they leave to the connoiſſeur. But they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in moſt reſpects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.

SAYS the courtier, I cannot anſwer for every individual inſtance: but I think, moderately ſpeaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwiſe, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the ſkill of their ſuperiors: and this has ſometimes been ſtrangely effectual in making them imagine they reliſh perfection. In ſhort, if

ever they judge well, it is at the time they leaſt pre-ſume to frame opinions for themſelves.

It is true they will pretend to taſte an object which they know their betters do. But then they conſider ſome perſon's judgment as a certain ſtandard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonſtrated appearance of beauty affords them ſome ſmall degree of ſatisfaction.

It is the ſame with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taſte is borrowed. "Such "a ſoup or ollio, ſay they, is much in vogue; and "if you do not like it, you muſt learn to like it."

But in poetry, for inſtance, it is urged that the vulgar diſcover the ſame beauties with the [illegible] of reading.

Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or alluſion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts. Their beauty, of conſequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

How many of theſe peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philoſophy and hiſtory: and let me add, theſe latent beauties give the moſt delight to ſuch as can unfold them.

I MIGHT

I MIGHT launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehenſions—What I have ſaid may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are ſeldom right.

THE Academic ſpoke little, but to the purpoſe; aſſerting that all ranks and ſtations have their different ſpheres of judging: That a clown of native taſte enough to reliſh Handel's Meſſiah, might unqueſtionably be ſo inſtructed as to reliſh it yet more: That an author, before he prints, ſhould not flatter himſelf with a confuſed expectation of pleaſing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in compariſon, being capable of doing both in any great degree: That he ſhould always meaſure out his plan for the ſize of underſtanding he would fit. If he can content himſelf with the mob, he is pretty ſure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may eſcape the organs of ſuch readers; but he will have a chance for ſuch applauſe as will more ſenſibly affect him. Let a writer then in his firſt performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applauſe entirely: Let him addreſs him to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His firſt appearance on the ſtage of letters will engroſs the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

On allowing MERIT in OTHERS.

A CERTAIN gentleman was expreſſing himſelf as follows.

I CONFESS, I have no great taſte for poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to believe I ſhould read no other poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The reſt but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be ſure, poetry of that ſtamp can afford but ſlender pleaſure.

I KNOW not, ſays another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: But I am perſuaded, numbers pretend the ſame through mere jealouſy or envy.

A READER conſiders an author, as one who lays claim to a ſuperior genius. He is ever inclined to diſpute it, becauſe, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at leaſt one ſuperior the leſs. Now though a man's abſolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to purſue the ſingle point of admitting no more into the claſs of ſuperiors, than it is impoſſible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would ſoon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refuſed his ho-

nours, but that the very conſtraint, and even abſur-
of people's ſhutting their eyes grew as diſ-
able to them, as that excellence, which, when
o , they could not but diſcover.

But ſelf-love obtains it's wiſhes in another reſpect alſo. It hereby not only depreſſes the characters of many that have wrote, but ſtifles the genius of ſuch as might hereafter riſe from amongſt our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praiſes which a perſon enamoured of poetry would beſtow on one that excelled in it: But let us conſider Parnaſſus rather as a republick than a monarchy; where, although ſome may be in poſſeſſion of a more cultivated ſpot, yet others may poſſeſs land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the ſoil, and the extent of its fertility, muſt remain undiſcovered, if the gentleman's deſponding principle ſhould meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term conſolidating or condenſing ſentences, yet preſerving eaſe and perſpicuity. In ſmoothneſs of verſe, perhaps, he has been equalled: In regard to invention, excelled.

ADD to this, if the writers of antiquity [illegible] eſteemed our trueſt models, Mr. Pope is [illegible] more witty, and leſs ſimple, than his own H[illegible] appears in any of his writings. More witty, and leſs ſimple, than the modern Monſ. Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the ſtyle of Juvenal and Perſius with that of Horace.

SATYR gratifies ſelf-love. This was one ſource of his popularity; and he ſeems even ſo very conſcious of it as to ſtigmatize many inoffenſive characters.

THE circumſtance of what is called alliteration and the nice adjuſtment of the pauſe, have conſpired to charm the preſent age, but have at the ſame time given his verſes a very cloying peculiarity.

BUT, perhaps, we muſt not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landſkip of Thomſon, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakeſpear, the ſimplicity of Spenſer, the courtlineſs of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addiſon, the tenderneſs of Otway, and the invention, the ſpirit, and ſublimity of Milton, joined in any ſingle writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, ſhould allow ſome praiſe to thoſe who ſhine in any branch of it, and only range them into claſſes according to that ſpecies in which they ſhine.

" Quare

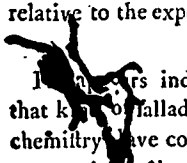
" Quare agite, O juvenes ! "

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the [illegible] ingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into an hermit ; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

THE IMPROMPTU.

THE criticks, however unable to fix the [illegible] which it is moſt proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have univerſally agreed that ſome certain ſpace is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Ariſtotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely ſilent. Succeeding criticks have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greateſt epic writers: that, if they could not frame a law, they might at leaſt eſtabliſh a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, ſay they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced, to the ſpace of two months. His Odyſſey, according to Boſſu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Æneid has raiſed very different opinions in his commentators. Taſſo's poem includes a ſummer—But leaving ſuch knotty points to perſons that appear born for the diſcuſſion of them, let us endeavor to eſtabliſh laws that are more likely to be obeyed, than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no ſort of reſtraint with regard to the time he takes to finiſh his poem. Far different is the caſe with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can poſſibly take in his compoſition, but is rigidly circumſcribed with regard to the ſpace in which it is compleated. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in

this compoſition, it's peculiar merit muſt ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.



It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of ballad, which certain eminent adepts in chemiſtry have contrived to raiſe, while a joint of mutton is roaſting. We do not allow ourſelves to blame it's unuſual flatneſs and inſipidity, but extoll the little flavour it has, conſidering the time of it's vegetation.

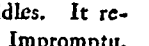
An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horſe; not by the gracefulneſs of his motion, but the time he takes to finiſh his courſe. The beſt critick upon earth may err in determining his preciſe degree of merit, if he have neither a ſtop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more ſerious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the ſhortneſs of the time that is employed in its production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be in ſome ſort deemed extemporaneous, as the time he took to perfect ſo extraordinary a compoſition, conſidered with it's real worth, appears ſhorter than the time employed to write the diſticks of Coſconius.

On

On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no sort of claim to be called verses, besides their instantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unexpected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrosticks, puzzled them with rebus's, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whoreson slowness of apprehension.



Still desirous, however, of the immortal honor to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was as follows. "That whatever piece of wit, either "written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, "as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or "written within the time that the author supports "himself on one leg. That Horace had explained "his meaning, by the phrase STANS PEDE IN UNO. "And forasmuch as one man may persevere in the "posture longer than another, he would recommend "it to all candidates for this extraordinary accom-

" pliſhment, that they would habituate themſelves to
" ſtudy in no other attitude whatſoever."

AUGHT I received his anſwer with the ut-
moſt p[illegible]ſure aſwell as veneration; hoping, that,
howeve[illegible] was debarred of the acumen requiſite for
a[illegible]pore, I might learn to weary out my betters
in ſtanding on one leg.

AN HUMORIST.

TO form an eſtimate of the proportion which one man's happineſs bears to another's, we are to conſider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumſtances. It were ſuperfluous to evince that the ſame objects which one deſpiſes, are frequently to another the ſubſtantial ſource of admiration. The man of buſineſs and the man of pleaſure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has leſs charms for ſome, than they can diſcover in a butterfly. The more candid and ſage obſerver condemns neither for his purſuits, but for the deriſion he ſo profuſely laviſhes upon the diſpoſition of his neighbour. He concludes that ſchemes infinitely various were at firſt intended for our purſuit and pleaſure; and that ſome find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief-Juſtice.

HAVING premiſed thus much, I proceed to give ſome account of a character which came within the ſphere of my own obſervation.

NOT the entrance of a cathedral, not the ſound of a paſſing bell, not the furs of a magiſtrate, nor the ſables of a funeral, were fraught with half the ſolemnity of face!

NAY

NAY ſo wonderfully ſerious was he obſerved to be on all occaſions, that it was found hardly poſſible to [illegible] otherwiſe in his company. He quaſhed the loudeſt [illegible] of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and [illegible] features, though ever ſo much roughened, were ſure to grow ſmooth at his approach.

THE [illegible]n had nothing vitious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial converſation; the young, the gay, found their ſpirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by inſtinct, would forego their frolicks, and be ſtill. The depreſſion he occaſioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconſcious of any apparent cauſe, you found your ſpirits ſink inſenſibly: And were any one to ſit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not poſſible the painter could ſelect a more proper perſon.

YET he did not fail to boaſt of a ſuperior ſhare of reaſon, even for the want of that very faculty, riſibility, with which it is ſuppoſed to be always joined.

INDEED he acquired the character of the moſt ingenious perſon of his county, from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great diſcovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was

writing somewhat for posterity, compleated his reputation.

NUMBERS would have willingly depr[illegible] character, had not his known sobriety [illegible]ated sense deterred them.

HE was one day overheard at his dev[illegible]ons, returning his most fervent thanks for some particularities in his situation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

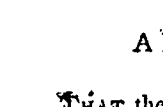
ACCEPT, said he, the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion: For those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.

THAT the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.

THAT it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.

THAT I have a picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.

THAT



THAT there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's ſeat, whoſe ill-obtained ſuperiority I cannot bear to recollect.

THAT my eſtate is over-run with brambles, reſounds with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated ſpot, forth of corn, or wine, or oil; or thoſe kinds of productions in which the ſons of men delight themſelves.

THAT as thou divideſt thy bounties impartially; giving riches to one, and the contempt of riches to another, ſo thou haſt given me, in the midſt of poverty, to deſpiſe the inſolence of riches, and by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and ſuperiority of the Muſes.

THAT I have a diſpoſition either ſo elevated or ſo ingenuous, that I can derive to myſelf amuſement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous neceſſity furniſhes my invention.

THAT I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this diſpoſition.

THIS poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the ſide of a

cryſtal ſtream, by moonſhine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favored with the inſpection of his poetry, of which I preſerved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ON his dog, that growing corpulent refuſed a cruſt when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches, that had done him excellent ſervice.

HAVING loſt his truſty walking-ſtaff, he complaineth.

To his miſtreſs, on her declaring that ſhe loved parſnips better than potatoes.

ON an ear-wig that crept into a nectarin that it might be ſwallowed by Cloe.

ON cutting an artichocke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

EPIGRAM on a wooden-peg.

EPITAPH to the memory of the great modern—who firſt invented ſhoe-buckles.

THE

THE HERMIT.

IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.

'TWAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which moſt reverences his deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moſs; the violets, refreſhed by the moiſture of deſcending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the ſhower was paſt; the ſun diſperſed the vapours; and the ſky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muſes, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noiſe of mixt converſation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often ſmiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no leſs, at the vulgar caſt of theirs. He could never be content to paſs his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a newspaper, or in adjuſting the preciſe difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yeſterday. In ſhort he was not void of ſome ambition, but what he felt he aknowledged, and was never averſe to vindicate. As he never cenſured any one who indulged their humor inoffenſively, ſo he claimed no

manner of applauſe for thoſe purſuits which gratifyed his own. But the ſentiments he entertained of honor, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obſcurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applauſe the [illegible] who by merit had arrived at ſtation; but he thought that all ſhould in life's viſit leave ſome token of their exiſtence; and that their friends might more reaſonably expect it from them, than they [illegible] their poſterity.

THERE were few, he thought, of talents ſo very inconſiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to ſuch as had a liberal education, he ever wiſhed that in ſome art or ſcience they would be perſuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be ſome pleaſure to reflect, that their names would at leaſt be honoured by their deſcendants, although they might eſcape the notice of ſuch as were not prejudiced in their favor.

WHAT a luſtre, ſaid he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walſingham, caſt upon their remoteſt progeny? and who would not wiſh rather to be deſcended from them, than from the mere carcaſe of nobility? Yet wherever ſuperb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too tranſporting to be reſiſted. But to return.

POLYDORE, a new inhabitant in a ſort of wild, uninhabited country, was now aſcended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extenſive proſpect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landſkip. Fertile meadows, glittering ſtreams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But theſe indeed were much leſs the objects of his attention, than thoſe diſtant hills and ſpires that were almoſt concealed by one undiſtinguiſhed azure. The ſea, indeed, appeared to cloſe the ſcene, though diſtant as it was it but little variegated the view. Hardly indeed were it diſtinguiſhable but for the beams of a deſcending ſun, which at the ſame time warned our traveller to return, before the duſkineſs and and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

HE had now deſcended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been ſurveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with ſhunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as poſſible to exclude all views of nature. He accoſted him in the manner following. Father, ſays he, it is with no ſmall ſurpriſe, that I obſerve your choice of ſituation, by which you ſeem to neglect the moſt diſtant and delightful landſkip that ever my eyes beheld. The hill,

hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you ſuch a variety of natural curioſities, as to a perſon ſo contemplative, muſt appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is ſeemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would ſo have placed it, as to preſent them, in all their beauty, to your eye.

THE hermit made him this anſwer. My ſon, ſays he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my ſtory, did I not imagine the moon would prove a ſafer guide to you, than that ſetting ſun which you muſt otherwiſe rely upon. Enter therefore for a while into my cave, and I will give you then ſome account of my adventures, which will ſolve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propoſe. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the uſe of meditation, dare to contemn ſuperfluous magnificence, and render thyſelf worthy of the being I contemplate.

KNOW then, that I owe what the world is pleaſed to call my ruin (and indeed juſtly, were it not for the uſe which I have made of it) to an aſſured dependence, in a literal ſenſe, upon confuſed and diſtant proſpects: a conſideration, which hath indeed ſo affected me, that I ſhall never henceforth enjoy a landſkip that lies at ſo remote a diſtance, as not to exhibit all it's

it's parts. And indeed were I to form the leaſt pretenſions to what your world calls taſte, I might even then perhaps contend that a well-diſcriminated landſkip was at all times to be preferred to a diſtant and promiſcuous azure.

I WAS born in the pariſh of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the buſineſs of the nation. The heir of his family and myſelf were of the ſame age, and for ſome time ſchool-fellows. I had made conſiderable advances in his eſteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobſerved by his family or my own. He was ſent early upon his travels purſuant to a very injudicious cuſtom, and my parents were ſollicited to conſent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a perſon of ſuch importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmoſt diligence I could uſe in purſuit of it. My father, I remember, aſſented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her ſon's future greatneſs, through much importunity, "wrung from him his ſlow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great perſuaſion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be ſaid to want natural ſenſe; but being baniſhed ſo early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent cuſtoms, than to any uſeful examination of their polices or manners. Judge-

ment, for the moſt part, ripens very ſlowly. Fancy often expands her bloſſoms all at once.

We were now returning home from a ſix year's abſence; anticipating the careſſes of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All poſſible means of ſafety proving finally ineffectual, he accoſted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows.

Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very ſhort continuance. The next paroxyſm of my fever will probably be concluſive.

The proſpect of this ſudden change does not allow me to ſpeak the gratitude I owe thee; much leſs to reward the kindneſs on which it is ſo juſtly grounded. Thou knoweſt I was ſent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been paſſed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove ſollicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderneſs, and they cannot but conceive ſome for their ſon's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee ſome ſervices, in place of thoſe their beloved ſon intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly aſſert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I baniſhed from my heart;

heart; but friendſhip lingers long, and 'tis with tears I ſay farewell. ——

My concern was truly ſo great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all encreaſed by the conſideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared ſenſibly grieved that the friendſhip he had ever profeſſed could now ſo little avail me. He recommended me however to a friend of his that was then of the ſucceſsful party, and who, he was aſſured, would, at his requeſt, aſſiſt me to the utmoſt of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually conſumed upon the empty forms of our court-attendance. Hopes aroſe before me like bubbles upon a ſtream; as quick ſucceeding one another, as ſuperficial and as vain. Thus buſied in my purſuit, and rejecting the aſſiſtance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to ſhelter or protect me when my ſecond patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wiſhed indeed I had retreated ſooner; but to retire at laſt unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove ſucceſsful, was beyond all power of reſolution.

However, after a few years more attendance, diſtributed in equal proportions upon each of theſe

new

new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and ſmall emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes ſeemed open all at once. I had no paſſion remaining for the ſplendor which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter averſion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my poſt, wondering ſtill more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever moſt ſincere, but ſincerity claſhed with my ſituation every moment of the day. In ſhort, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that auſtere life in which you at preſent find me engaged. I thought to content myſelf with common neceſſaries, and to give the reſt, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of ſingularity. But alas! to my great ſurprize, the perſon who ſupplied my expences had ſo far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were diſcharged, I was unable to ſubſiſt in any better manner than I do at preſent. I grew at firſt entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raiſed the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myſelf happy in my preſent way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to ſupport me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an uſeleſs individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to ſhame, and to confuſion, on the firſt glance of every eye that knows me. My ſpirits are indeed ſomething raiſed by a clear ſky, or a meridian ſun;

but

but as to extenſive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Eaſe is at leaſt the proper ambition of age, and it is confeſſedly my ſupreme one.

YET will I not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one inſtructive leſſon. Whatever ſituation in life you ever wiſh or propoſe for yourſelf, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very poſt I had all my lifetime been ſollicitous to procure.

On Distinctions, Orders, and Dignities.

THE ſubject turned upon the nature of ſocieties, ranks, orders, and diſtinctions, amongſt men.

A GENTLEMAN of ſpirit, and of the popular faction, had been long declaiming againſt any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a diſtinct ſpecies from the reſt of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invidious an oſtentation of ſuperiority, to be allowed in any nation that ſtiled itſelf free. Much was ſaid upon the ſubject of appearances, ſo far as they were countenanced by law or cuſtom. The biſhop's lawn; the marſhal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke, were conſidered only as neceſſary ſubſtitutes, where genuine purity, real courage, native dignity, and ſuitable penetration, were wanting to compleat the characters of thoſe to whom they were aſſigned.

IT was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enſlave; and inſtances were brought of groundleſs diſtinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain perſons, who, being ſtripped

ped of them, would be leſs eſteemed than the meaneſt plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honor, had hitherto ſhewn no complaiſance to that ſex whoſe ſofter diſpoſitions rendered them more excuſably fond of ſuch peculiarities.

That, in favor of the ladies, he ſhould eſteem himſelf ſufficiently happy in the honor of inventing one order, which ſhould be ſtyled The moſt powerful order of beauties.

That their number in Great Britain ſhould be limited to five thouſand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who ſhould be ſtyled ſovereign of the order, and the reſt the companions.

That the inſtalment ſhould be rendered a thouſand times more ceremonious, the dreſſes more ſuperb, and the plumes more enormous, than thoſe already in uſe amongſt the companions of the garter.

That the diſtinguiſhing badge of this order ſhould be an artificial noſegay, to be worn on the left breaſt; conſiſting of a lilly and a roſe, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree ſacred to Venus.

THAT inſtead of their ſhields being affixed to the ſtalls appointed for this order, there ſhould be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greateſt eminence, and he whoſe painting was preferred, to be ſtyled A knight of the roſe and lilly.

THAT when any perſon addreſſed a letter to a lady of this order, the ſtyle ſhould always be To the Right beautiful Miſs or Lady ſuch-a-one.

HE ſeemed for ſome time undetermined whether they ſhould forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reaſons, propoſed it ſhould be continued to them.

AND thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected that the queen, unleſs ſhe unaccountably choſe to mark out game for her huſband, could take no ſort of pleaſure in conferring this honor where it was moſt due: That as ladies grew in years, this epithet of beautiful would burleſque them; and, in ſhort, conſidering the frailty of beauty, there was no laſting compliment that could be beſtowed upon it.

AT this the orator ſmiled; and acknowledged it was true: But aſked at the ſame time, why it was more abſurd to ſtyle a lady right beautiful, in the

days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honorable when he grew a ſcandal to mankind?

THAT this was ſometimes the caſe, he ſaid, was not to be diſputed; becauſe titles have been ſometimes granted to a worthleſs ſon, in conſequence of a father's enormous wealth moſt unjuſtly acquired. And few had ever ſurpaſſed in villainy the right honorable the earl of A——.

THE company was a little ſurprized at the ſophiſtry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to, by a perſon preſent, that lord ——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to inſtance him to the diſadvantage of the p—rage, who had, ſtrictly ſpeaking, never been of that number.

On the ſame SUBJECT.

THE declaimant, I before mentioned, continued his harangue. There are, ſaid he, certain epithets which ſo frequently occur, that they are the leſs conſidered; and which are ſeldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that preſent themſelves.

Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on it's firſt introduction, was given, I ſuppoſe, to freemen, in oppoſition to vaſſals; theſe being the two claſſes into which the nation was once divided *. The freeman was he, who was poſſeſſed of land, and could therefore ſubſiſt without manual labor; the vaſſal, he, who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the neceſſaries of life. The different manners, we may preſume, that ſprung from their different ſituations and connexions, occaſioned the one to be denominated a civilized or gentle perſonage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere ruſtic or villain.

BUT

* As the author is not writing a treatiſe on the feudal law, but a moral eſſay; any little inaccuracies, it is to be hoped, will be over-looked by thoſe, who, from ſeveral late treatiſes on this ſubject, might expect great exactneſs and preciſion in a ſerious diſcuſſion of this point.

BUT upon the publication of cruſades, the ſtate of things was conſiderably altered: It was then that every freeman diſtinguiſhed the ſhield which he wore with ſome painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applauſe, which, upon account of ſimilar accoutrements, might be otherwiſe ſubject to miſapplication.

UPON this there aroſe a diſtinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All who had ſerved in thoſe religious wars continued the uſe of their firſt devices, but all devices were not illuſtrated by the ſame pretenſions to military glory.

HOWEVER, theſe campaigns were diſcontinued: Freſh families ſprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themſelves with ſuch devices as theſe holy combatants, were yet as deſirous of reſpect, of eſtimation, of diſtinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the ſteps by which money eſtabliſhes even abſurdity. A court of heraldry ſprung up, to ſupply the place of cruſade exploits, to grant imaginary ſhields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been diſcovered to have no real juriſdiction.

YET cuſtom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms

recorded in the Herald's office, and at the ſame time follows none, except a liberal employment.

ALLOWING this diſtinction, it is obvious to all who conſider, that a churliſh, moroſe, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, ſharping vagabond; a ſtupid, lubberly, inactive ſot, or pick-pocket, nay even an highwayman, may be nevertheleſs a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed. In ſhort, that the definition may, together with others, include alſo the filth, the ſcum, and the dregs of the creation.

BUT do we not appear to diſallow this account, when we ſay, "ſuch or ſuch an action was not done in a gentleman-like manner," "ſuch uſage was not the behaviour of a gentleman," and ſo forth. We ſeem thus to inſinuate that the appellation of gentleman regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeneſs, generoſity, and affability, have the trueſt claim to a diſtinction of this kind. Whence then ſhall we ſuppoſe was derived this contradiction? Shall we ſay that the plebeians, having the virtues on their ſide, by degrees removed this appellation from the baſis of family to that of merit; which they eſteemed, and not unjuſtly, to be the true and proper pedeſtal? This the gentry will ſcarce allow. Shall we then inſiſt that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the atchievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps,

perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

To reconcile the difference, let us ſuppoſe the denomination may belong equally to two ſorts of men. The one, what may be ſtyled a gentleman de jure, viz. a man of generoſity, politeneſs, learning, taſte, genius, or affability; in ſhort, accompliſhed in all that is ſplendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one ſide: and on the other, a gentleman de facto, or what, to Engliſh readers, I would term a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed.

As to the latter appellation, what is really eſſential, or, as logicians would ſay, quarto modo pro-"prium," is a real, or at leaſt a ſpecious, claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a ſecond or more diſtant anceſtor; and this unſtained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

We may diſcover, on this ſtate of the caſe, that, however material a difference this diſtinction ſuppoſes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman de jure to render himſelf in ſome ſort a gentleman de facto. A certain ſum of money, depoſited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms deſcending from as many anceſtors as he pleaſes. On the other hand, the gentleman de facto may become a gentleman alſo de jure, by the acquiſition of cer-

tain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I muſt acknowledge, is the more difficult taſk; at leaſt we may daily diſcover crowds acquire ſufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that poſſeſs the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the beſt ſenſe of the word) conſtitute a GENTLEMAN.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER.

HE was a youth ſo amply furniſhed with every excellence of mind, that he ſeemed alike capable of acquiring or diſregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from univerſities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the moſt intenſe aſſiduity, he poſſeſſed by nature; I mean, that elegance of taſte, which diſpoſed him to admire beauty under it's great variety of appearances. It paſſed not unobſerved by him either in the cut of a ſleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a ſtatue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him ſenſations of beauty; that beauty which inferior genius's are taught coldly to diſtinguiſh; or to diſcern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the ſtudent; who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obſcure ſo great accompliſhments, beſide the want, the total want, of a deſire to exhibit them. Through this it came to paſs, that what would have raiſed another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him paſſed over unregarded. For, in reſpect to ordinary obſervers,

ſervers, it is requiſite to lay ſome ſtreſs yourſelf, on what you intend ſhould be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in ſome degree diminiſhed his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary converſation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with ſentiment, the uſual fault of rigid ſtudents; and this he would in ſome degree have regulated better, did not the univerſality of his genius, together with the method of his education, ſo largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardneſs (ſince his modeſty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the ſtiffneſs of a fine piece of brocade, whoſe turgeſcency indeed conſtitutes, and is inſeparable from, it's value. He gave delight by an happy boldneſs in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourouſly ridicule: And he had ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the hearts as well as underſtandings of his friends, that he could ſoon make the moſt ſurprizing paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that of a ſovereign, could give an additional value to the moſt precious ore; and we no ſooner believed our eyes that it was he who ſpake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to ſay. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talents of rendering the greateſt virtues un-envied: Whereas

the

the latter ſhone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable: I mean in regard to thoſe few he had to exerciſe his ſkill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore-manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead-pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ON RESERVE.

A Fragment.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following obſervation. There is not, ſays he, any one quality ſo inconſiſtent with reſpect, as what is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty, whoſe regard is proof againſt it. At the ſame time, it is hardly poſſible to inſiſt upon ſuch a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be ſupported by common ſenſe. Thus much at leaſt is evident, that your demands will be ſo ſucceſsful, as to procure a greater ſhare than if you had made no ſuch demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneaſineſs, from a familiarity with ſuch perſons as deſpiſed every thing they could obtain with eaſe. Were it not better, therefore, to be ſomewhat frugal of our affability, at leaſt to allot it only to the few perſons of diſcernment who can make the proper diſtinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: To neglect thoſe characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the ſame time very far from familiarity-proof: To have poſthumous fame in view, which affords us the moſt pleaſing landſkip: To enjoy the amuſement of reading, and the conſciouſneſs that reading paves the

way to general eſteem: To preſerve a conſtant regularity of temper, and alſo of conſtitution, for the moſt part but little conſiſtent with a promiſcuous intercourſe with men: To ſhun all illiterate, though ever ſo jovial aſſemblies, inſipid, perhaps, when preſent, and upon reflexion painful: To meditate on thoſe abſent or departed friends, who value or valued us for thoſe qualities with which they were beſt acquainted: To partake with ſuch a friend as you, the delights of a ſtudious and rational retirement—Are not theſe the paths that lead to happineſs?

In anſwer to this (for he ſeemed to feel ſome late mortification) I obſerved, that what we loſt by familiarity in reſpect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an abſolute ſolitude was ſo very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from ſociety but for a ſingle fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the ſight of the firſt beggar that he ſaw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further diſcourſe upon the ſubject; without order or connexion, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reſerve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and ſimplicity of converſation is a debt to good-nature.

THERE would not be any abſolute neceſſity for reſerve, if the world were honeſt: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it ſeems neceſſary that people ſhould imagine you have more accompliſhments than you diſcover.

IT is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you ſomething ever to imagine: and ſuch is the conſtitution of the human mind, that we think ſo highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not ſee the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniouſly obſerves, affords the pleaſure when we ſurvey a Cylinder *; And Sir John Suckling ſays,

"They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich who cannot tell his ſtore."

A PERSON that would ſecure to himſelf great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by ſilence, as effectually as by any thing he can ſay.

To be, however, a niggard of one's obſervation, is ſo much worſe than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the ſame time.

MEN

* Treatiſe of the ſublime and beautiful.

MEN oftentimes pretend to proportion their reſpect to real deſert; but a ſupercilious reſerve and diſtance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears ſo very manifeſt to many perſons of the ſtrict character, that they uſe no better means to acquire reſpect than like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

IT is from the ſame principle of diſtance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the caſe in ſome countries.

"MEN, while no human form or fault they ſee,
Excuſe the want of ev'n humanity;
And eaſtern kings, who vulgar views diſdain,
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot ſay in truth what may diſgrace 'em.
You know in what predicament to place 'em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
Ev'n virtue charms us leſs than vice conceal'd!"

"FOR ſome ſmall worth he had, the man was priz'd,
He added frankneſs—and he grew deſpis'd."

WE want comets, not ordinary planets:
"Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum."

TERENCE.

"HUNC

" Hunc cœlum, & ſtellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent."

Virtues, like eſſences, loſe their fragrance when expoſed. They are ſenſitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to diſtinguiſh modeſty, which is ever amiable, from reſerve, which is only prudent. A man is hated ſometimes for pride, when it was an exceſs of humility gave the occaſion.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The reſerved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the moſt part, fonder of him, than the perſons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he diſtinguiſhes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The moſt reſerved of men, that will not exchange two ſyllables together in an Engliſh coffee-houſe, ſhould

ſhould they meet at Iſaphan, would drink ſherbet, and eat a meſs of rice together.

THE man of ſhew is vain: The reſerved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination—The one is more frequently reſpected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato; the other a Cæſar. Vide Salluſt.

WHAT Cæſar ſaid of "Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;" may be applied to familiarity, and to reſerve.

A RESERVED man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good ſpeech: And I believe ſometimes proceeds ſo far as to leave company, becauſe he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himſelf deep, when he is near the ſurface.

WERE it prudent to decline this reſerve, and this horror of diſcloſing foibles; to give up a part of character to ſecure the reſt? The world will certainly inſiſt upon having ſome part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out ſome follies to the envious; as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to ſave one's money and one's ſhip; To let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can eſcape being ſtabbed in the heart.

THE reſerved man ſhould drink double glaſſes.

PRUDENT men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A RESERVED man is in continual conflict with the ſocial part of his nature: and even grudges himſelf the laugh into which he ſometimes is betrayed.

"Seldom he ſmiles—
"And ſmiles in ſuch a ſort as he diſdained
"Himſelf—that could be moved to ſmile at any
"thing.—"

"A FOOL and his words are ſoon parted;" for ſo ſhould the proverb run.

COMMON underſtandings, like cits in gardening, allow no ſhades to their picture.

MODESTY often paſſes for errant haughtineſs; as what is deemed ſpirit in an horſe proceeds from fear.

THE higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

THE reſerved man ſhould bring a certificate of his honeſty, before he be admitted into company.

RESERVE

RESERVE is no more essentially connected with underf[illegible]anding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine [illegible] with good-nature*.

* THESE were no other than a collection of hints, when I propo[illegible]ed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my p[illegible], who, on account of his ſuperior equipage, is eſteemed univerſally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to ſo ſplendid an appearance, either by his birth, his ſtation, or his fortune; and that it is, of conſequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondneſs for external ſplendor, he is a moſt affable and ingenious man; and for this reaſon I am inclined to vindicate him, when theſe things are mentioned to his diſadvantage.

In the firſt place, it is by no means clear, that dreſs and equipage are ſure ſigns of pride. Where it is joined with a ſupercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative teſtimony. But this is not always the caſe: The refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the conſequence of an ambition to ſurpaſs and eclipſe our equals. Whoever thinks that taſte has nothing to do here, muſt confine the expreſſion to improper limits; aſſuredly imagination may find its

account in them, wholly independent of wordly homage and conſiderations more invidious.

IN the warmth of friendſhip for this gentleman, I am ſometimes prompted to go further. I inſiſt, it is not birth or fortune only that give a perſon claim to a ſplendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a ſhare.

I HAVE ſometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or ſciences, are a more reaſonable authority for a ſplendid appearance than thoſe which are commonly preſumed to be ſo. That there is ſomething more perſonal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and ſurely there ought to be ſome proportion obſerved betwixt the caſe and the thing encloſed. The propenſity of rich and worthleſs people to appear with a ſplendour upon all occaſions, puts one in mind of the country ſhopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. 'Tis not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you ſee a piece of candle honored with a crown.

I HAVE generally conſidered thoſe as privileged people, who are able to ſupport the character they aſſume. Thoſe who are incapable of ſhining but

by dreſs, would do well to conſider that the contraſt betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their diſadvantage. 'Tis on this account I have ſometimes obſerved with pleaſure ſome noblemen of immenſe fortune to dreſs exceeding plain.

If dreſs be only allowable to perſons of family, it may then be conſidered as a ſort of family-livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal juſtice, pride himſelf upon the gaudy wardrobe his maſter gives him. Nay more—for a gentleman, before he hires a ſervant, will require ſome teſtimony of his merit; whereas the maſter challenges his own right to ſplendour, though poſſeſſed of no merit at all.

Upon my preſent ſcheme of dreſs, it may ſeem to anſwer ſome very good purpoſes. It is then eſtabliſhed on the ſame foundation, as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dreſs were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we ſhould find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the ſubſequent diſtinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a ſtar and garter would one never knighted: And men would uſe as commendable a diligence to qualify themſelves for a brocaded waiſtcoat, or a gold ſnuff-box, as they now do to procure themſelves a right of inveſting their limbs in lawn or ermine. We ſhould not eſteem a man a coxcomb for his dreſs, till, by frequent converſation, we diſcovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of

of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would ſeem foreign to his circumſtances. A man ſhould not wear a French dreſs, till he could give an account of the beſt French authors; and ſhould be verſed in all the oriental languages before he ſhould preſume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greateſt merit may not be able to ſhew it in their dreſs, on account of their ſlender income. But here it ſhould be conſidered that another part of the world would find their equipage ſo much reduced by a ſumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of ſplendour would diſtinguiſh them more than a greater does at preſent.

What I propoſe, however, upon the whole is, that men of merit ſhould be allowed to dreſs in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in ſo doing: As a nobleman lays aſide his garter, when he ſees no valuable conſequence in the diſcovery of his quality.

A CHARACTER.

" Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes."

THERE is an order of perſons in the world, whoſe thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects preſent themſelves, their obſervations are as uniform as though they were the conſequence of inſtinct. There is nothing places theſe men in a more inſignificant point of light, than a compariſon of their ideas with the refinements of ſome great genius. I ſhall only add, by way of reflexion, that it is people of this ſtamp, who, together with the ſoundeſt health, often enjoy the greateſt equanimity: their paſſions, like dull ſteeds, being the leaſt apt to endanger or miſguide them: yet ſuch is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with moſt diſcretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greateſt impediment.

I WAS taking a view of Weſtminſter-abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honeſty, but the ſame degree of underſtanding as that I have deſcribed.

THERE had nothing paſſed in our way thither, beſide the cuſtomary ſalutations, and an endeavour to decide

decide with accuracy upon the preſent temperature of the weather. On paſſing over the threſhold, he obſerved with an air of thoughtfulneſs, that it was a brave ancient place.

I TOLD him, I thought there was none more ſuitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the aſhes of men that had acquired a greater ſhare of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not ſeem to comprehend me.

SILENCE enſued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he ſtood collected in himſelf; aſſuring me "there was no ſort of excellence "could exempt a man from death."

I APPLAUDED the juſtice of his obſervation; and ſaid, it was not only my preſent opinion, but had been ſo for a number of years. "Right," ſays he, "and for my own part I ſeldom love to publiſh my "remarks upon a ſubject, till I have had them con-"firmed to me by a long courſe of experience."

THIS laſt maxim, ſomewhat beyond his uſual depth, occaſioned a ſilence of ſome few minutes. The ſpring had been too much bent to recover immediately it's wonted vigour. We had taken ſome few turns,

turns, up and down the left hand ayle, when he caught ſight of a monument ſomewhat larger than the reſt, and more calculated to make impreſſion upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raiſed to an anceſtor of the D. of Newcaſtle. "Well," ſays he, with an air of cunning, "this is "indeed a fine piece of workmanſhip; but I cannot "conceive this finery is of any ſignification to the "perſon buried there." I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of reſpect to the deceaſed, people were frequently impoſed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had juſt peruſed enough to inform him that he was an eminent phyſician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though ſome important diſcovery had ſtruck his fancy on a ſudden. I liſtened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to inſinuate that phyſicians themſelves could not ſave their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many ſteps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. "Friend," ſays he, pointing with his cane, "how long has that gentle-"man been dead?" The man ſet him right in that particular; after which, putting on a woeful countenance, "Well," ſays he, "to behold how faſt time "flies

" flies away! 'Tis but a ſmall time to look back " upon, ſince he and I met at the Devil *. Alas," continued he, " we ſhall never do ſo again :" Indulging myſelf with a pun that eſcaped me on a ſudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

THIS old gentleman, as I have ſince heard, paſſed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleaſure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were ſenſual, but thoſe of the leſs vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it ſeems, quickly after, was occaſioned by an uniform application to Boſtock's cordial, whatever his caſe required. Indeed his diſcourſe, when any complained of ſickneſs, was a little exuberant in the praiſes of this noble cathartick. But his diſtemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the uſe of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a moſt conſiderate perſon. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to conſume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to th church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an averſion to much reflexion

* A well-known tavern near Temple Bar.

flexion in himſelf, but endeavoured to provide againſt it in ſucceeding generations.

I HAVE heard that he ſometimes boaſted that he was a diſtant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

AN

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghoſts and apparitions of perſons departed, has loſt ground within theſe fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the conſequent decay of ſuperſtition, even in thoſe kingdoms where it is moſt eſſentially interwoven with religion.

THE ſame credulity, which diſpoſed the mind to believe the miracles of a popiſh ſaint, ſet aſide at once the interpoſition of reaſon; and produced a fondneſs for the marvellous, which it was the prieſt's advantage to promote.

IT may be natural enough to ſuppoſe that a belief of this kind might ſpread in the days of popiſh infatuation. A belief, as much ſupported by ignorance, as the ghoſts themſelves were indebted to the night.

BUT whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by perſons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themſelves, nor to be ſuſpected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their intereſt; nor who could be ſuppoſed to have any intereſt in it, even though it were their inclination?

HERE

HERE ſeems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from ſuperſtition.

I GO upon a ſuppoſition, that the relations themſelves were falſe. For as to the Arguments ſometimes uſed in this caſe, that had there been no true ſhilling there had been no counterfeit, it ſeems wholly a piece of ſophiſtry. The true ſhilling here ſhould mean the living perſon; and the counterfeit reſemblance, the poſthumous figure of him, that either ſtrikes our ſenſes or our imagination.

SUPPOSING no ghoſt then ever appeared, is it a conſequence that no man could ever imagine that they ſaw the figure of a perſon deceaſed? Surely thoſe, who ſay this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

PERSONS after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their ſleep, have had their brain as deeply impreſſed with chimerical repreſentations, as they could poſſibly have been, had theſe repreſentations ſtruck their ſenſes.

I HAVE mentioned but a few inſtances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite ſo common, where the ſtronger paſſions, either acute or chronical, have impreſſed their object

object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have pourtrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsly construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy,

fancy, with concurrent circumſtances, been ſufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

BUT, what is more, there ſeems no other account that is adequate to the caſe as I have ſtated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reaſon, why the moſt upright may have publiſhed a falſehood, and the moſt judicious confirmed an abſurdity.

SUPPOSING then that apparitions of this kind may have ſome real uſe in God's moral government: Is not any moral purpoſe, for which they may be employed, as effectually anſwered on my ſuppoſition, as the other? for ſurely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives theſe images. The effect, the conviction, and the reſolution conſequent, may be juſt the ſame in either of the caſes.

SUCH appears, to me at leaſt, to be the true exiſtence of apparitions.

THE reaſons againſt any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are theſe that follow.

THEY are, I think, never ſeen by day; and darkneſs being the ſeaſon of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination leſs reſtrained, they are never viſible to more than one perſon; which had more probably

probably been the caſe, were not the viſion internal.

THEY have not been reported to have appeared theſe twenty years. What cauſe can be aſſigned, were their exiſtence real, for ſo great a change as their diſcontinuance?

THE cauſe of ſuperſtition has loſt ground for this laſt century; the notion of ghoſts has been, together, exploded: A reaſon why the imagination ſhould be leſs prone to conceive them; but not a reaſon why they themſelves ſhould ceaſe.

MOST of thoſe, who relate that theſe ſpectres have appeared to them, have been perſons either deeply ſuperſtitious in other reſpects; of enthuſiaſtick imaginations, or ſtrong paſſions, which are the conſequence; or elſe have allowedly felt ſome perturbation at the time.

SOME few inſtances may be ſuppoſed, where the caprice of imagination, ſo very remarkable in dreams, may have preſented fantaſms to thoſe that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect ſome, wherein it has wrought miſtakes, at leaſt equal to that of a white horſe for a winding ſheet.

To conclude. As my hypotheſis ſuppoſes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our beſt

means of avoiding it, is to keep a ſtrict guard over our paſſions—To avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-houſe; and by making frequent appeals to cool reaſon and common ſenſe, ſecure to ourſelves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

ON CARDS.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * WE had paſſed our evening with ſome certain perſons famous for their taſte, their learning, and refinement: But, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the reſt, had contrived to put themſelves upon a level, by introducing a GAME AT CARDS.

'Tis a ſign, ſaid he, the world is far gone in abſurdity, or ſurely the faſhion of cards would be accounted no ſmall one. Is it not ſurpriſing that men of ſenſe ſhould ſubmit to join in this idle cuſtom, which appears originally invented to ſupply its deficiency? But ſuch is the fatality! imperfections give riſe to faſhions! and are followed by thoſe who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only inſtance of a faſhion invented by thoſe who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whoſe figure it was prejudicial.

How can men, who value themſelves upon their reflexions, give encouragment to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?

I INTIMATED the old alluſion of the bow, that requires freſh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He anſwered, this might be applicable, provided I could ſhew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleaſure.

Cards, if one may gueſs from their firſt appearance, ſeem invented for the uſe of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whiſtle, the rattle, and the hobby-horſe, deſerved their ſhare of commendation. By degrees men, who came neareſt to children in underſtanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the uſe of them as a ſuitable entertainment. Others alſo, pleaſed to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourſe to this amuſement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knott of villains encreaſed the party; who, regardleſs of that entertainment, which the former ſeemed to draw from cards, conſidered them in a more ſerious light, and made uſe of them as a more decent ſubſtitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propoſe to themſelves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among ſharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among perſons of character.

Perhaps, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diverſion, as giving occaſion for the crop of jeſt and witticiſm, which naturally enough ariſes from the names and circumſtances of the cards.

He

He ſaid, he would allow this as a proper motive, in caſe the men of wit and humour would accept the excuſe themſelves.

In ſhort, ſays he, as perſons of ability are capable of furniſhing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I ſhall eſteem it as his private opinion that I have neither ſenſe nor fancy.

I asked how much he had loſt—His anſwer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have ſquandered them away on cards; and that to the loſs of converſation, for which he would have given twenty.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon ſanctity, their want of merit would be leſs diſcoverable. But pretenſions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Thoſe who endeavour to paſs for the lights of the world muſt expect to attract the eyes of it. A ſmall blemiſh is more eaſily diſcoverable in them, and more juſtly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A ſmall blemiſh alſo preſents a clue, which very often conducts us through the moſt intricate mazes and dark receſſes of their character.

NOTWITHSTANDING the evidence of this, how often do we ſee pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion ſinks in one ſcale, pretence is exalted in the other.

PERHAPS, there is not a more effectual key to the diſcovery of hypocriſy than a cenſorious temper. The man poſſeſſed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of courſe, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the purſuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is leſs induced to pity thoſe who deſert it for the flowery one. He expoſes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with

with a kind of triumph; not conſidering that vice is the proper object of compaſſion; or that propenſity to cenſure is almoſt a worſe quality than any it can expoſe.

CLELIA was born in England, of Romiſh parents, about the time of the Revolution. She ſeemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averſe to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Perſons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty ſued to her; nor had ſhe any reaſon to quarrel with love for the ſhapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and ſhe ſeemed reſolved to paſs her days in all the auſterities of the moſt rigid convent. To this purpoſe ſhe ſought out an abbeſs that preſided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a ſmall community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary inſtances of ſelf-denial. The abbeſs herſelf exhibited a perſon in which chaſtity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before ſhe went to preſide over this little ſociety. Her virtues were indeed ſuch as ſhe thought moſt convenient to her circumſtances. Her faſts were the

effect of avarice, and her devotions of the ſpleen. She conſidered the cheapneſs of houſe-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuſeneſs to the ſeven deadly ſins. She knew ſack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and aſhes than ſweet powder.

Her heart ſympathized with every cup that was broken, and ſhe inſtituted a faſt for each domeſtick misfortune. She had converted her larder into a ſtudy, and the greater part of her library conſiſted of manuals for faſting-days. By theſe arts, and this way of life, ſhe ſeemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate deſires, as the perſons might be ſuppoſed to do, who were favoured with her ſmiles or her converſation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation aſſumed the veil.

Among many others who had ſolicited her notice, before ſhe became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young phyſician of great learning and ingenuity. His perſonal accompliſhments were at leaſt equal to thoſe of any of his rivals, and his paſſion was ſuperior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inſpired by fondneſs, and recommended by perſon, dreſs, and equipage, could inſinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at ſollicitations with which

which ſhe reſolved never to comply, and which ſhe found ſo difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had aſſumed the veil, and Leander was the moſt miſerable of mortals. He had not ſo high an opinion of his fair one's ſanctity and zeal, as ſome other of her admirers: But he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irreſiſtible. His extravagant paſſion had produced in him a jealouſy that was not eaſily eluded,

"At regina dolos——
"Quid non ſentit amor?"

He had obſerved his miſtreſs go more frequently to her confeſſor, a young and blooming eccleſiaſtic, than was, perhaps, neceſſary for ſo much apparent purity, or, as he thought, conſiſtent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His ſuſpicions were by no means leſſened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar ſupplied a confeſſional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbeſs in the capacity of a phyſician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She,

She, quite ſhocked at his appearance, burſt out into a ſudden rage, inveighing bitterly againſt his preſumption, and calling loudly on the name of the bleſſed virgin and the hôly friar. The convent was, in ſhort, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by ſuitable applications, the emotions raiſed by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communications which paſſed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himſelf fully warranted to diſcloſe, till an accident, of a ſingular nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample teſtimony.

The confeſſor had a favorite ſpaniel, which he had loſt for ſome time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at firſt not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had ſnapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A phyſician's advice was thought expedient on the occaſion, and Leander was the next phyſician. He told him with great frankneſs, that no preſcription he could write, had the ſanction of ſo much experience as immerſion in ſea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day, ſet forward upon his journey, while Leander,

der, not without a miſchievous kind of ſatisfaction, conveys the following lines to Clelia.

" My charming CLELIA,

"THOUGH I yet love you to diſtraction, I can-
" not but ſuſpect that you have granted favors to
" your confeſſor, which you might, with greater in-
" nocence, have granted to Leander. All I have to
" add is this, that amorous intercourſes of this na-
" ture, which you have enjoyed with friar Laurence,
" put you under the like neceſſity with him of ſeek-
" ing a remedy in the ocean.

" Adieu! LEANDER!"

IMAGINE Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confuſion. To rail was inſignificant, and to blame her phyſician was abſurd, when ſhe found herſelf under a neceſſity of purſuing his advice. The whole ſociety was made acquainted with the journey ſhe was undertaking, and the cauſes of it. It were uncharitable to ſuppoſe the whole community under the ſame conſtraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, ſome for exerciſe, ſome for amuſement, and the abbeſs herſelf as guardian of her train, and concerned in her ſociety's misfortunes.

WHAT

WHAT uſe Leander made of his diſcovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been ſucceſsful in baniſhing the hypocrite, he did not ſhew himſelf very ſollicitous in his endeavors to reform the ſinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the ſalt-water.

ON VANITY.

HISTORY preſerves the memory of empires and of ſtates, with which it neceſſarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and ſtateſmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewiſe other ſubordinate teſtimonies, which ſerve to perpetuate, at leaſt prolong, the memories of men, whoſe characters and ſtations give them no claim to a place in ſtory. For inſtance, when a perſon fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himſelf, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilſt he is living, or with an inſcription upon his monument after his deceaſe. Inſcriptions have been ſo fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beſide elegance of ſtyle. To inveigh againſt the writers, for their manifeſt want of truth, were as abſurd as to cenſure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character—But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the perſon who beſpeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

FALSEHOODS upon a tomb or monument may be intituled to ſome excuſe in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of ſurviving friends. Even

grief itſelf diſpoſes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as viſible objects alſo appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity ſuffers his features to be bely'd or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be ſaid to loſe his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to bely his dreſs, he ſeems to transfer his claim to the man with whoſe ſtation his aſſumed trappings are connected.

I REMEMBER a bag-piper, whoſe phyſiognomy was ſo remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he choſe always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of ſhoes. However, when the painter had been ſo exact as to omit this little piece of dreſs, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three night's harmony, to have thoſe feet covered in the effigie, which he ſo much ſcorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a diſgrace to his inſtrument to be eternized in the hands of ſo much apparent poverty. However, when a perſon of low ſtation adorns himſelf with trophies to which he has no pretenſions to aſpire, he ſhould conſider the picture as actually telling a lye to poſterity.

THE abſurdity of this is evident, if a perſon aſſume to himſelf a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but ſtation may be falſified by other decorations, as well as theſe.

BUT I am driven into this grave diſcourſe, on a ſubject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of ſpleen. I this morning ſaw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of ſo rich a ſtuff, that the expence, had he purchaſed ſuch a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, ſeated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been ſurprized at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cuſhion.

AN ADVENTURE.

—— "Gaudent prænomine molles
"Auriculæ"——

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a perſon upon a journey, to know the compellations with which it is proper to addreſs thoſe he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of uſe to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to thoſe who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accoſt a paſſenger with a title ſuperior to what he may appear to claim. This will ſeldom fail to diffuſe a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of ſecuring you from any miſtake of greater importance.

I WAS led into theſe obſervations by ſome ſollicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in theſe peculiarities. Being ſomewhat more verſed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had paſſed a number of miles without any ſort of difficulty, by help of the manifold inſtructions

ſtructions that had been given me on my ſetting out. At length, being ſomething dubious concerning my way, I met a perſon, whom, from his night-cap and ſeveral domeſtic parts of dreſs, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His ſtation of life appeared to me, to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a ſort of ſubaltern character, in reſpect of which the world ſeems not invariably determined. It is in ſhort what King Charles the Second eſteemed the happieſt of all ſtations; ſuperior to the toilſome taſk and ridiculous dignity of conſtable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious deciſions of a juſtice of peace. "Honeſt "man," ſays I, "be ſo good as to inform me "whether I am in the way to Mirlington?" He replied, with a ſort of ſurlineſs, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much diſguſt, as though I had called him rogue or raſcal.

I DID not readily penetrate the cauſe of his diſpleaſure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dreſſed in all the pride of rural ſpruceneſs; and beſide him, walked a girl in a dreſs agreeable to that of her companion. As I preſumed him by no means averſe to appear conſiderable in the eyes of his miſtreſs, I ſuppoſed a compliment might not be diſagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, ad-

dreſſed him by the name of "Honeſty." The fellow, whether to ſhew his wit before his miſtreſs, or whether he was diſpleaſed with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well aſſured could be no guide to me), and that other parts would follow of conſequence.

THE next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to ſtand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the beſt way of proceeding was to adapt my phraſe to his own ideas, and ſaluting him by the name of "Sir", deſired to obtain ſome inſight into my road. My gentleman, without heſitation, gave me ample inſtructions for the reſt of my journey.

I PASSED on, muſing with myſelf, why an appellation relative to fortune ſhould be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a ſun-dial in his garden. "Friend," ſays I, "will you tell me what a "clock it is?" He made me no ſort of anſwer, and ſeemed as much diſſatisfied with my openneſs of temper, as with the confidence I placed in his—The refuſal of an anſwer in this caſe was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined

termined to accoſt by the appellation of "Dame"; and withal wiſhed her a good night.

BUT, alas! ſhe ſeemed ſo little pleaſed with the manner of my addreſs, that ſhe returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wiſhes as to her repoſe. It is not clear whether my phraſe was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in reſpect of her age. But it is very probable ſhe might conclude it an impropriety in reſpect of both.

I HAD by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural diſtinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet farther means of conviction. I was expoſed to the danger of three quickſands, by calling a girl "ſweetheart", inſtead of "madam"; and was within a foot of ruſhing down a precipice, by calling another, "Forſooth", who might eaſily have told me how to avoid it.

IN ſhort, I found myſelf well or ill uſed, as I happened, or not, to ſuit my ſalutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the laſt part of my ſtage, I was to paſs a brook, ſo much ſwelled by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undiſtinguiſhable. A well-dreſſed gentleman was paſſing a bridge on my left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to ſucceed in my enquiry. I was, therefore, meditating within myſelf which might be the moſt endearing of all appel-

lations; and at laſt beſought him to give me ſome inſtructions, under the name of "Honeſt Friend." He was not ſeemingly ſo much pleaſed as I aſſured myſelf he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many ſteps (out of the path, for ſo it proved) before I found myſelf and horſe plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honeſt friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I MADE a ſhift, however, to recover both myſelf and horſe; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have ſince made ſtrict enquiry into the due application of ſuch inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you, on ſome future occaſion. In the mean time, you may, if you pleaſe, conſider the vaſt importance of ſuperior titles, when there is no one ſo inconſiderable but there is alſo a mind that it can influence.

WHEN you reflect upon this ſubject, you will, perhaps, be leſs ſevere on your friend ———, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this ſpecies of dignity.

LEARN to be wiſe then from others harm; and do not forget to obſerve decorum, on every occaſion that you may have to addreſs him for the future.

ture. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember,

"Malè si palpère, recalcitrat."

ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he diſcovers himſelf by nothing more than by his abilities in diſpute. However let him ſhew ſolidity in his opinions, together with eaſe, elegance, and vivacity in his expreſſions; yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he ſhall be judged inferior in other reſpects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to ſelect judges, they will form their opinions by another ſcale: with theſe, a ſingle epiſtle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his converſation will demonſtrate the reverſe.

'Tis true, there is nothing diſplays a genius, I mean a quickneſs of genius, more than a diſpute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's luſtre. But perhaps the odds is much againſt the man of taſte in this particular.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good ſenſe, than we find aſſurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright ſtupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagoniſt, as a race-horſe, carrying a ſmall weight, has

has over his rival that bears a larger: modeſty, like the weight to which I allude, not ſuffering it's owner to exert his real ſtrength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without lett or impediment.

It may be urged, and juſtly enough, that 'tis common to be partial to the modeſt man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any reſtraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But indeed this can only happen, where it meets with the moſt ingenuous judges. Otherwiſe a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant ſide is generally beſt accommodated.

In order to put theſe antagoniſts upon a ſomewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following inſtrument; for the ſole ſtructure and ſale of which, I am not without hopes of procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laugher. There are few ſo little converſant in toys, but muſt have ſeen inſtruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to ſuch perfection as even to delude the very ſpecies. The cuckow has been mimicked with no leſs accuracy. Would it not then be an eaſy matter to repreſent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itſelf ſomething artificial; and is not more affected than it is particu-

lar? For the convenience of the perſon that bears it, it's dimenſions ſhould be ſo contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not ſeem feaſible, that a laugher of this kind may be brought to anſwer every purpoſe of that noiſe which it reſembles? If there be occaſion for an expletive, let the owner ſeek it in his fobb; as his antagoniſt would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good ſounding cadence at the cloſe of a common period, it may not be amiſs to harmonize a ſentence by what may be called a finiſhing ſtroke. This inſtrument is ſo contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your ſubject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the diſpoſition of the company, and the proper minute for ſuch an interlude. But to become a maſter of the ſaid machine, let the candidate for applauſe frequent the company of vociferous diſputants; among whom he may ſoon learn how to perform a converſation.

One or two of theſe inſtruments I have already finiſhed, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may ſoon arrive. A gentleman viſited me t'other day, who has the juſteſt claim that can be, to the uſe of them; having nothing in his character that can obſcure the great-

eſt merit, but the greateſt modeſty. I communicated my invention, deſiring him to make tryal of it, on the firſt occaſion. He did ſo; and when I ſaw him next, gave me leave to publiſh the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertiſement. The firſt time I employed it, ſaid my friend, was in a ſort of controverſy with a beau; who had contrived means, by the uſe of his ſnuff-box, to ſupply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company, which conſiſted of ladies, diſcovered more ſagacity without thinking, than I could do by it's aſſiſtance. I bethought myſelf immediately of your inſtrument, and had recourſe to it. I obſerved in what part of his diſcourſe he moſt employed his fingers, and had ſuddenly recourſe to mine, with equal emphaſis and ſignificancy. The art was not diſcovered, ere I had routed my antagoniſt; having ſeated myſelf in a dark corner, where my operations were not diſcernible. I obſerved, that as he found himſelf more cloſely preſſed, he grew more and more aſſiduous in his application to his ſnuff-box, much as an otter cloſely purſued is forced to throw up bubbles that ſhow his diſtreſs. I therefore diſcovered gradually leſs and leſs occaſion for ſpeaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flouriſh in anſwer to the argument at his finger's ends; and after a while

while found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cauſe was juſt expiring, after a very long purſuit, and many fruitleſs turnings and evaſions in the courſe of it, I ſounded my inſtrument, with as much alacrity as a huntſman does his horn on the death of an hare.

THE next whom I engaged was a more formidable diſputant; and I own, with a ſenſe of gratitude, that your inſtrument alone could render me a match for him. His ſtrength of argument was his ſtrength of lungs; and he was, unqueſtionably, an able antagoniſt. However, if your machine put me upon a par with him, I think I may ſay without vanity, that in point of reaſon, I had the upper hand. I ſhall only add that as it was habitual for him to anſwer arguments by vociferation, ſo it became needleſs for me to give him any anſwer of a better kind.

THUS far my friend: I do not queſtion but there will appear artiſts, that ſhall undertake to inſtruct the diffident, the ſubmiſſive, and the baſhful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and riſible muſick: and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all others into it's own vortex, I need not here aſſert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

NEITHER

NEITHER is this inſtrument of importance in diſpute alone, or controverſy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burſt one man's ſides, which will not diſturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almoſt as irkſome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole pariſh ſhall be ſtunned with noiſe, becauſe they want that occaſion to rejoice, which the perſons at leaſt imagine to be their lot, that occaſioned it. The ſounds are pleaſing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but thoſe who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a ſtupefying repetition.

WHEN therefore my mind is not in tune with another's, what ſtrikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been deſcribing.

THE

THE

HISTORY OF DON PEDRO****.

THE actions of our lives, even thoſe we call moſt important, ſeem as much ſubject to trifles, as our very lives themſelves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promiſe to ourſelves an equal term of life. 'Tis however in the power of the minuteſt accident, to ſhorten the one, and diſconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whoſe motion may be ſtopped in the midſt of its rapidity, by the interpoſition of ſtraw in a particular part of them.

THE following tranſlation from the original Spaniſh, will ſufficiently illuſtrate the foregoing aſſertion. Don Pedro**** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a diſpoſition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his cuſtom, on this account, to retire from the world at ſtated periods, and to indulge himſelf in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as he one day ſate in his ſtudy, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring ſpider. The moſt trivial object (if any natural object can be termed ſo) ſerved him frequently for the foundation of ſome moral and ſublime reflection. He ſurveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, 'till he was loſt in the excurſions

excurſions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanſhip of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He obſerved the deficiency of human ſkill, and that no cunning could have contrived her ſo proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He obſerved the road by which ſhe ſallied forth, ſerved to convey intelligence from without, at the ſame time that it added ſtrength and ſtability to the work within. He was at once ſurprized and pleaſed with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the ſame light, or with the ſame attention. From this inſtant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a reliſh for that ſtudy, which he afterwards purſued with ſuch application and ſucceſs.

He ſpent in ſhort ſo much time upon the attainment of this ſcience, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as ſpeculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice to compleat the fame of his abilities. That in ſhort was his next purſuit. He became deſirous of experiencing, what had been ſo ſucceſsful in imagination, and to make thoſe mural ſallies, which had been attended

there

there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by teſtimony of his friends, his qualifications for the poſt he ſought; and, on the firſt delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the King.

THIS happened to be a time of the profoundeſt tranquillity: little agreeable to a perſon eager of glory, furniſhed with ſkill, and conſcious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and ſubtle paſſion is often moſt predominate when 'tis leaſt perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we and our reaſon grow ſubſervient, and, inſtead of checking or contradicting, it ſtoops to flatter and to authorize it. Inſtead of undeceiving, ſhe confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and ſmooths the obſtructions, which it is her natural province to interpoſe. This was the caſe of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taſte encreaſed his ſenſibility; and his ſenſibility made him more a ſlave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more viſible impreſſions. The pureſt ſpirits are the ſooneſt apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his paſſions, ſeduced,

ſeduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable ſchemes.

He had in brief conceived a project, to give his maſter an univerſal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmoſt labour and preciſion, and intended within a few days, to preſent his project to the king.

Spain was then in a ſtate of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raiſing an immenſe one. 'Twere impoſſible to anſwer for the poſſible events, that might deſtroy their hopes of ſuch an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the moſt feaſible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the poſture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumſtances that conſpired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without ſome particular interpoſition of fortune, been attended with ſucceſs—But fortune did not put herſelf to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vaſt deſigns, was one day walking in his fields. He was promiſed next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himſelf for a converſation, which might prove of ſo much conſequence to all mankind; when walking thought-

fully along, and regardleſs of his path, his foot happened to ſtumble and to overturn an ant's-neſt. He caſt his eyes upon the ground to ſee the occaſion of his miſtake, where he ſpyed the little animals in the moſt miſerable confuſion. He had the delicacy of ſentiment, to be really ſorry for what he had done; and, putting himſelf in their condition, began to reflect upon the conſequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a ſort of ſmile, to find the anxiety they underwent for ſuch periſhable habitations. Yet he conſidered that his contempt was only the effect of his own ſuperiority; and that there might be ſome created beings, to whom his own ſpecies muſt appear as trifling. His remark did not ceaſe here. He conſidered his future enterprize, with an eye to ſuch a race of beings. He found it muſt appear to them in a light as diſadvantageous, as the ambition and vain-glory of an ant would, to himſelf. How ridiculous, he ſaid, muſt this republick appear to me, could I diſcern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to thoſe of human nature! Suppoſe them at continual variance about the property of a grain of ſand. Suppoſe one, that had acquired a few ſands more to his portion—as alſo one grain of wheat, and one ſmall particle of barley flour—ſhould think himſelf qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, uncontrouled. Conſider him, on this account, not contented to make uſe of the numerous legs with which nature has ſupplied him, born aloft

by

by a couple of ſlaves within the hollow of an huſk of wheat, five or ſix others, at the ſame time, attending ſolemnly upon the proceſſion. Suppoſe laſtly, that among this people, the prime miniſter ſhould perſuade the reſt to levy war upon a neighbouring colony, and this in order to be ſtiled the ſovereign of two hillocks, inſtead of one; while perhaps their preſent condition leaves them nothing to wiſh beſides ſuperfluities. At the ſame time it is in the power of the moſt inconſiderable among mankind, nay of any ſpecies of animals ſuperior to their own, to deſtroy at once the miniſter and people all together: This is doubtleſs very ridiculous; yet this is doubtleſs my own caſe, in reſpect to many ſubordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-built citadels! Farewell, viſions of unſolid glory! Don Pedro will ſeek no honour of ſo equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a ſuperior ſpecies, in proportion as it exalts him before his own.

See here a juſt concluſion! In ſhort, he found it ſo fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimſical relation it may be well enough obſerved, that a ſpider had enſlaved the world, had not an ant obſtructed his deſign.

UPON ENVY.

TO A FRIEND, R. G.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impoſſible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do ſo? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more ſuperfluous, to wiſh you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wiſh you ambition enough to make your honours ſatisfactory.

IT ſeems an hard caſe that envy ſhould be the conſequence of merit, at the ſame time that ſcorn ſo naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in ſome meaſure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps in ſo ſenſe an uſeful) paſſion in all the moſt heroic natures; where, refined through certain ſtrainers, it takes the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain ariſing in our breaſts, on contemplation of the ſuperior advantages of another: And its tendency is truly good, under ſome certain regulations.

ALL honour, very evidently, depends upon compariſon; and conſequently the more numerous are our ſuperiors, the ſmaller portion of it falls to our ſhare. Conſidered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; though conſidered abſolutely, we are neither.

ther. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the uſe of emulation is to excite our diligence in purſuit of power, for the ſake of beneficence. The inſtances of it's perverſion are obvious to every one's obſervation. A vicious mind, inſtead of it's own emolument, ſtudies the debaſement of his ſuperior. A perſon, to pleaſe one of this caſt, muſt needs diveſt himſelf of all uſeful qualities; and in order to be beloved, diſcover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very ſafely fix our eſteem on thoſe whom we hear ſome people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the ſun itſelf to the birds of darkneſs. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and ſuffer his ſatisfaction to ariſe in due proportion to their diſcontent. Their diſapprobation will ſufficiently influence every generous boſom in his favor: and I would as imticitly give my applauſe to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worſhip thoſe, that have been devoured by apes.

'Tis another perverſion of this paſſion, though of a leſs enormous nature, when it merely ſtimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinſick worth. To equal others in the uſeleſs parts of learning; to purſue riches for the ſake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockey-ſhip, or cunning at a bett. Theſe, and many other rivalſhips, anſwer not the genuine purpoſes of emulation.

I BELIEVE the paſſion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man poſſeſſed of ſome particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourſelves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accompliſhments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the ſcale. Should we aſk our own boſoms whether we would change ſituations altogether, I fancy ſelf-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our ſentiments remain the ſame after ſuch an examination, all we can juſtly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate this detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the ſame time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depreſs ourſelves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

A VISION

A VISION.

INGENIOUS was the device of thoſe celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, firſt pretended to divine inſpiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly on their breaſt; and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they queſtionleſs, that a proceeding of this nature muſt afford an excuſe to their modeſty, as well as add a weight to their inſtructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the hiſtories of the beſt repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to ſurprizing lies. There was indeed a neceſſary degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as neceſſary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But ſo it was, that the pleaſure roſe, in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a ſword, a bloated ſibyll, or a three-foot ſtool.

OF all writers that bear any reſemblance to theſe originals, thoſe who approach the neareſt, are ſuch, as deſcribe their extraordinary dreams and viſions. Of oſtentation we may not, peradventure, accuſe them, who claim to themſelves no other than the merit of ſpectators. Of want of abilities we muſt not cenſure them; when we are given to know that their imagi-

nation had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in thoſe various figures, which ſome crafty artiſt repreſents thereon.

The firſt meditation of a ſolitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapleſs ſpecies, I cry'd, how very groſsly art thou miſtaken! How very ſupine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by reſtraint! How very reſolute, when thine age leaves nothing to reſtrain thee! Thou giveſt a looſe to thine inclinations, 'till they loſe their very being; and, like a lamp over-whelmed with oil, are extinguiſhed by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for ſelf-denial; or, when the enemy expires by ſickneſs, to demand the honour of a triumph!—Muſing upon this ſubject, I fell into a profound ſlumber; and the viſion with which it furniſhed me, ſhall ſupply material for this eſſay.

I WAS, methought, tranſported into a winding valley, on each ſide of whoſe area, ſo far as my eye could ſee, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleaſing objects either of art or nature. Hills roſe one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contraſted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded ſpires enlivened even the ſun-ſhine; and loneſome ruins, by the ſide of woods, gave a ſolemnity to the ſhade. It would be endleſs, or rather impoſ-

ſible, to give an idea of the vaſt variety. It ſeemed, as though people of whatever inclinations might here meet with their favourite object.

WHILE I ſtood amazed, and even confounded, at ſo aſtoniſhing a landſkip; an old man approached towards me, and offered his aſſiſtance in alleviating my ſurprize. You obſerve, ſays he, in the middle path, a train of ſprightly female pilgrims[a], conducted by a matron [b] of a graver caſt. She is habited, as you may obſerve, in a robe far more plain and ſimple than that of any amidſt her followers. It is her province to reſtrain her pupils, that the objects glittering on each ſide may not ſeduce them to make excurſions, from which they ſcarce ever find their right way again. You may not, perhaps, ſuſpect the gulphs and precipices that lie intermixed amidſt a ſcenery ſo delightful to the eye. You ſee, indeed, at a conſiderable diſtance, the gilt dome of a temple, raiſed on columns of the whiteſt marble. I muſt inform you, that within this temple reſides a lady[c], weaving wreaths of immortal amaranth for that worthy matron, if ſhe exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or leſs entire, ſhe has alſo garlands of inferior luſtre to recompence the ladies in her train.

YOUR own ſagacity, added he, will ſupply the place of farther inſtructions; and then vaniſhed in an inſtant.

[a] The Paſſions. [b] Reaſon. [c] Virtue.

THE ſpace before me, as it appeared, was croſſed by four ſucceſſive rivers. Over theſe were thrown as many bridges, und beyond each of theſe ſtreams the ground ſeemed to vary it's degree of luſtre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the ſide of each of theſe rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; ſo that the journey ſeemed to be portioned into four diſtinct ſtages. It is poſſible that theſe were meant to repreſent the periods of a man's life; which may be diſtinguiſhed by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

DURING the firſt ſtage, our travellers proceeded without much diſturbance. Their excurſions were of no greater extent than to crop a primroſe, or a daiſy, that grew on the way-ſide: And in theſe their governeſs indulged them. She gave them but few checks; and they afforded her but little occaſion. But when they arrived at the ſecond period, the caſe then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew viſibly enamoured of the beauties on each ſide; and the governeſs began to feel a conſciouſneſs of her duty to reſtrain them. They petitioned clamorouſly to make one ſhort excurſion, and met with a decent refuſal. One of them, that viſibly ſhewed herſelf the greateſt vixen and romp[d] amongſt them, had a thouſand arts and ſtratagems to circumvent her well-meaning governeſs.

I muſt

[d] Love.

I muſt here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that ſome of the pupils felt greater attractions in one ſtage; and ſome in another. And the ſcene before them being well variegated with moſſy banks and purling ſtreams, friſking lambs and piping ſhepherds; inſpired a longing that was inexpreſſible, to one that ſeemed of an amorous complexion. She requeſted to make a ſhort digreſſion; pointed to the band of ſhepherds dancing; and, as I obſerved, preſented a glaſs, through which the matron might diſtinctly view them. The governeſs applied the glaſs, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much conſtancy oppoſed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if ſhe herſelf were not quite indifferent to the ſcene of pleaſure ſhe had beheld, grew remiſs in her diſcipline; ſoftened the language of diſſent; and with a gentle reprimand, ſuffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, ſhe winked her eyes; that ſhe might not at leaſt bear teſtimony to the ſtep ſhe did not approve. When the lady had gratifyed her curioſity, ſhe returned for the preſent; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolick. The governeſs appeared uneaſy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reaſon good ſhe had; conſidering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

THEY were not paſſed far from the ſecond ſtage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and ſubmit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

ANOTHER now took the lead; and ſeizing an embroidered handkerchief, compleatly hoodwinked the directreſs. All now was tumult, anarchy, diſagreement, and confuſion. They led their guide along, blind-fold, not without propoſals of downright murder. They ſoon loſt ſight of the regular path, and ſtrode along with amazing rapidity. I ſhould however, except ſome few [e], who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectreſs, had neither conſtancy to keep the road, nor ſpirit enough to ſtray far from it. Theſe found the utmoſt of their inclinations gratified, in treaſuring up ſhells from the banks of the river, ſcooping foſſils from the rocks, or preſerving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a ſuitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

THE lady that performed the feat of blinding her governeſs, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the reſt in a ſtate of ſervitude [f]. She ſeemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was

[e] The Virtuoſo-paſſion. [f] Ambition.

was her delight; being of a ſtature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would ſometimes inſiſt upon ſome temporary gratification. As they ſhaped their way to a great city, one [g] would loll and loiter on a bed of roſes; another would join the dance of ſhepherds, and ſometimes retire with [h] one into the covert. A [i] third would not move a ſtep farther, till ſhe had gathered ſome ore that was waſhed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their diſſipation was yet more obſervable. One [k] intoxicated herſelf with cordials; another [l] went in queſt of lace and equipage. The [m] lady, however, at this time the moſt enterprizing, and who (as I mentioned before) had given ſuch a turn to their affairs, diſcovered a ſtrange fondneſs herſelf for lawn and ermine, embroidered ſtars, and golden collars. However difficult it ſeemed to reach them, or how little neceſſary ſoever they ſeemed to happineſs, theſe alone engaged her attention; and to theſe alone her hopes aſpired. Nay ſhe went ſo far, as, in failure of theſe, to reſolve on miſery and wilful wretchedneſs.

SHE at length ſucceeded, at leaſt ſo far as to find how little they enhanced her happineſs; and her former compeers, having ruined their conſtitutions, were once again deſirous to have their queen reign over them. In ſhort, their loyalty regained the aſcendant;

[g] Indolence. [h] Gallantry. [i] Avarice.
[k] Ebriety. [l] Pride and Vanity. [m] Ambition.

cendant; insomuch, that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former, withered, decrepit, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her, a very opposite effect, to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those whom she conducted united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have secured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents.

The

The governeſs repreſented, in the ſtrongeſt terms, that the materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the caſe, they could be there of no importance. However, ſhe had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded.

The temple ſtood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Dorick order, the baſes gilt, as alſo the capitals) a blaze of glory iſſued, of ſuch ſuperior luſtre, that none beſide the governeſs was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddeſs; who gently waved her hand in the way of ſalutation.

The matron ſeemed leſs dazzled, than delighted, with her exceſſive beauty. She accoſted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretenſion to her favor. "She muſt "own, ſhe had been too remiſs in the beginning of "her government; ſhe hoped it would be attri-"buted to inexperience in the ſubtle wiles of her "fellow-travellers. She flattered herſelf, that her "ſeverity towards the concluſion of her journey "might in ſome ſort make atonement for her miſbe-"haviour in the beginning. Laſtly, that ſhe ſome-"times found it impoſſible to hear the dictates of "the

" the Goddeſs amid the clamours of her pupils,
" and the din of their perſuaſions."

To this the goddeſs made reply.

" You have heard," ſaid ſhe, " no doubt that
" the favors I beſtow, are by no means conſiſtent
" with a ſtate of inactivity. The only time when
" you were allowed an opportunity to deſerve them,
" was the time when your pupils were the moſt re-
" fractory and perverſe. The honours you expect
" in my court are proportioned to the difficulty of
" a good undertaking. May you, hereafter, par-
" take them, in reward of your more vigorous con-
" duct: For the preſent, you are little entitled to
" any recompence from me. As to your pupils, I
" obſerve, they have paſſed ſentence upon them-
" ſelves."

At this inſtant of time the bell rung for ſupper, and awaked me: I found the gardener by my ſide, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had ſlumbered away the hours, in which I ſhould have given him ſuitable directions.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three ſpecies—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landſkip, or pictureſque-gardening: which latter is the ſubject intended in the following pages—It conſiſts in pleaſing the imagination by ſcenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no ſhare here, any farther than as it pleaſes the imagination.

PERHAPS the diviſion of the pleaſures of imagination, according as they are ſtruck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my preſent purpoſe: why each of them affects us with pleaſure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinſon, Gerard, the theory of agreeable ſenſations, &c. *

THERE ſeems however to be ſome objects, which afford a pleaſure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for inſtance, may be neither new

* Garden-ſcenes may perhaps be divided into the ſublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or penſive; to which laſt I know not but we may aſſign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in ſome ſort compoſed of both. See Burke's Sublime,

new to us, nor majeſtick, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleaſing melancholy which proceeds from a reflexion on decayed magnificence. For this reaſon, an able gardiner ſhould avail himſelf of objects, perhaps, not very ſtriking; if they ſerve to connect ideas, that convey reflexions of the pleaſing kind.

Objects ſhould indeed be leſs calculated to ſtrike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleaſure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more diſagreeable. It is enough that it produces a ſuperiority betwixt things in other reſpects equal. It ſeems, on ſome occaſions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleaſure equal to more ſhapely ſcenes? Thus a ſeries of lawn, though ever ſo beautiful, may ſatiate and cloy, unleſs the eye paſſes to them from wilder ſcenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, paſſing from one form or color, to a form or color of a different

kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's preſent object, which affords immediate ſatisfaction.

VARIETY however, in ſome inſtances, may be carried to ſuch exceſs as to loſe it's whole effect. I have obſerved ceilings ſo crammed with ſtucco-ornaments; that, although of the moſt different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A ſufficient quantity of undecorated ſpace is neceſſary to exhibit ſuch decorations to advantage.

GROUND ſhould firſt be conſidered with an eye to it's peculiar character: whether it be the grand, the ſavage, the ſprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of theſe characters prevail, one may ſomewhat ſtrengthen it's effect, by allowing every part ſome denomination, and then ſupporting it's title by ſuitable appendages—For inſtance, The lover's walk may have aſſignation ſeats, with proper mottoes — urns to faithful lovers — trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

WHAT an advantage muſt ſome Italian ſeats derive from the circumſtance of being ſituate on ground mentioned in the claſſicks? And, even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the ſcene of any event in hiſtory, one would ſurely avail one's ſelf of that circumſtance,

to make it more intereſting to the imagination. Mottoes ſhould allude to it, columns, &c. record it; verſes moralize upon it; and curioſity receive it's ſhare of pleaſure.

In deſigning a houſe and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a ſubordination of parts; the houſe ſo luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole deſign. I have ſometimes thought that there was room for it to reſemble an epick or dramatick poem. It is rather to be wiſhed than required, that the more ſtriking ſcenes may ſucceed thoſe which are leſs ſo.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—— Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welſh mountains. This occaſions the different preferences that are given to ſituations—A garden ſtrikes us moſt, where the grand and the pleaſing ſucceed, not intermingle with, each other.

I believe, however, the ſublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I use the words landſkip and proſpect, the former as expreſſive of home ſcenes, the latter of diſtant images. Proſpects ſhould take in the blue diſtant hills; but never ſo remotely, that they be not diſtin-

diſtinguiſhable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

LANDSKIP ſhould contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad teſt, as I think the landſkip painter is the gardiner's beſt deſigner. The eye requires a ſort of balance here; but not ſo as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a houſe or obeliſk; for exactneſs would be diſpleaſing. We form our notions from what we have ſeen; and though, could we comprehend the univerſe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we ſee of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

THE eye ſhould always look rather down upon water: Cuſtomary nature makes this requiſite. I know nothing more ſenſibly diſpleaſing than Mr. T——'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

IT is not eaſy to account for the fondneſs of former times for ſtraight-lined avenues to their houſes; ſtraight-lined walks through their woods; and, in ſhort, every kind of ſtraight-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumſtance, is one objection. Another, ſomewhat of the ſame kind, is the repetition of the ſame object, tree after tree, for a length of way together.

A third is, that this identity is purchaſed by the loſs of that variety, which the natural country ſupplies every where, in a greater or leſs degree. To ſtand ſtill and ſurvey ſuch avenues, may afford ſome ſlender ſatisfaction, through the change derived from perſpective; but to move on continually and find no change of ſcene in the leaſt attendant on our change of place, muſt give actual pain to a perſon of taſte. For ſuch an one to be condemned to paſs along the famous viſta * from Moſcow to Peterſburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, muſt be as diſagreeable a ſentence, as to be condemned to labour at the gallies. I conceived ſome idea of the ſenſation he muſt feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D——'s high-ſhorn yew-hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the diſtance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatſoever.

When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from its proper point, the foot ſhould never travel to it by the ſame path, which the eye has travelled over before. Loſe the object, and draw nigh, obliquely.

The

* In Monteſquieu, on Taſte.

THE ſide-trees in viſtas ſhould be ſo circumſtanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

RUINATED ſtructures appear to derive their power of pleaſing, from the irregularity of ſurface, which is VARIETY; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their demenſions, or to recollect any events or circumſtances appertaining to their priſtine grandeur, ſo far as concerns grandeur and ſolemnity. The breaks in them ſhould be as bold and abrupt as poſſible.—If mere beauty be aimed at (which however is not their chief excellence.) the waving line, with more eaſy tranſitions, will become of greater importance—Events relating to them may be ſimulated by numberleſs little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and ſudden deſcents are moſt ſuitable to caſtles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, moſt imitative of the uſual ſituation for abbeys and religious houſes; large oaks, in particular, are eſſential to theſe latter;

"Whoſe branching arms, and reverend height,
"Admit a dim religious light."

A cottage is a pleaſing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the

tranquillity that ſeems to reign there; and perhaps (I am ſomewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature:

"Longi alterius ſpectare laborem."

In a ſcene preſented to the eye, objects ſhould never lie ſo much to the right or left, as to give it any uneaſineſs in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this diſadvantage. They ſhould elſe never be ſeen beyond a certain angle. The eye muſt be eaſy, before it can be pleaſed.

No mere ſlope from one ſide to the other can be agreeable ground: The eye requires a balance—i. e. a degree of uniformity: but this may be otherwiſe effected, and the rule ſhould be underſtood with ſome limitation.

"—Each alley has it's brother,
"And half the plat-form juſt reflects the other."

Let us examine what may be ſaid in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope expoſes. Might he not ſeemingly as well object to the diſpoſition of an human face, becauſe it has an eye or cheek, that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not providence, who has obſerved this regularity in the external ſtructure of our bodies and diſregarded

it

it within, ſeem to conſider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the ſeveral parts of them correſpond, but it is not the ſame caſe with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally ſollicitous for a kind of balance in a landſkip; and, if I am not miſtaken, the painters generally furniſh one a building for inſtance on one ſide, contraſted by a group of trees, a largs oak, or a riſing hill on the other. Whence then does this taſte proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the ſhape of ground, the diſpoſition of trees, and the figure of water, muſt be ſacred to nature; and no forms muſt be allowed that make a diſcovery of art.

ALL trees have a character analogous to that of men: Oaks are in all reſpects the perfect image of the manly character: In former times I ſhould have ſaid, and in preſent times I think I am authorized to ſay, the Britiſh one. As a brave man is not ſuddenly either elated by proſperity or depreſſed by adverſity, ſo the oak diſplays not it's verdure on the ſun's firſt approach; nor drops it, on his firſt departure. Add to this it's majeſtic appearance, the rough grandeur of it's bark, and the wide protection of it's branches.

A LARGE, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the moſt venerable of all inanimate objects.

URNS are more ſolemn, if large and plain; more beauteful, if leſs and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the ſituation of them ſhould ſtill cooperate with it.

BY the way, I wonder that lead ſtatutes are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not expreſs the finer lines of an human body, yet they ſeem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embelliſh landſkips, were they ſome degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A ſtatue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a ſtatue. A ſtatue in a garden is to be conſidered as one part of a ſcene or landſkip; the minuter touches are no more eſſential to it, than a good landſkip painter would eſteem them were he to repreſent a ſtatue in his picture.

APPARENT art, in it's proper province, is almoſt as important as apparent nature. They contraſt agreeably; but their provinces ever ſhould be kept diſtinct.

SOME artificial beauties are ſo dexterouſly managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; ſome natural ones ſo extremly fortunate, that one is ready to ſwear they are artificial.

CON

CONCERNING ſcenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The ſhape of ground, the line of trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treaſon.

ON the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the ευσημον with which the human mind is delighted.

ART ſhould never be allowed to ſet a foot in the province of nature, otherwiſe than clandeſtinely and by night. Whenever ſhe is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromiſe the difference—night, gothiciſm, confuſion and abſolute chaos, are come again.

To ſee one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedneſs of our beloved miſtreſſes, the Naiads and the Dryads, expoſed by that ruffian Winter to univerſal obſervation; is a ſeverity ſcarcely to be ſupported by the help of blazing hearths, chearful companions, and a bottle of the moſt grateful burgundy.

THE works of a perſon that builds, begin immediately to decay; while thoſe of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promiſes

miſes a more laſting pleaſure, than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at beſt begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumſtance that ſuits our taſte, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cauſe our love of life to take root and flouriſh with them; whereas the very fameneſs of our ſtructures will, without the help of diſſipidation, ſerve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a cuſtom in ſome countries to condemn the characters of thoſe (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

*The taſte of the citizen and of the mere peaſant are in all reſpects the ſame. The former gilds his balls; paints his ſtonework and ſtatues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-ſquare or conic; or gives them, what he can, of the reſemblance of birds, or bears, or men; ſquirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in ſhort, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a ſurprize becauſe it is unnatural. The peaſant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that ſublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety,

ty, are very different things. Every ſcene we ſee in nature is either tame and inſipid; or compounded of thoſe. It often happens that the ſame ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of ſublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this caſe it remains to be conſidered in which light they can be rendered moſt remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor ſhould not perhaps be wholly diſregarded: for certain complexions of ſoul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this ſhould not induce a gardiner to parcel out a lawn into knots of ſhrubbery; or inveſt a mountain with a garb of roſes. This would be like dreſſing a giant in a farſenet gown, or a ſaracen's head in a bruſſels nightcap. Indeed the ſmall and circular clumps of firs, which I ſee planted upon ſome fine large ſwells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I ſay, a gardiner ſhould not do this, any more than a poet ſhould attempt to write of the king of Pruſſia in the ſtyle of Philips. On the other ſide, what would become of Leſbia's ſparrow, ſhould it be treated in the ſame language with the anger of Achilles?

GARDINERS may be divided into three ſorts, the landſkip gardiner, the parterre gardiner, and the kitchen

kitchen gardiner, agreeably to our firſt diviſion of gardens.

I HAVE uſed the word landſkip-gardiners; becauſe, in purſuance of our preſent taſte in gardening, every good painter of landſkip appears to me the moſt proper deſigner. The misfortune of it is, that theſe painters are apt to regard the execution of their work, much more than the choice of ſubject.

THE art of diſtancing and approximating, comes truly within their ſphere: the former by the gradual diminution of diſtinctneſs, and of ſize; the latter by the reverſe. A ſtraight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with ewe trees, then firs, then with trees more and more ſady, till they end in the almond-willow, or ſilver oſier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreaſed, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than thoſe at the end of the avenue that are more ſady.

To diſtance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different-coloured greens—Ever-greens are beſt for all ſuch purpoſes—Suppoſe the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. The conſequence will be that the imagination immediatly allows a ſpace betwixt theſe circles,

circles, and another betwixt the houſe and them; and as the imagined ſpace is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconſiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microſcope glaſs. And on this head, I have known ſome inſtances, where, by ſhewing intermediate ground, the diſtance has appeared leſs, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

HEDGES, appearing as ſuch, are univerſally bad. They diſcover art in nature's province.

TREES in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more ſudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in ſuch manner as to mark out the former hedge.

WATER ſhould ever appear, as an irregular lake, or winding ſtream.

ISLANDS give beauty, if the water be adequate; but leſſen grandeur through variety.

IT was the wiſe remark of ſome ſagacious obſerver, that familiarity is for the moſt part productive of contempt. Graceleſs offſpring of ſo amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whoſe enjoyments muſt be either checked, or prove deſtructive of themſelves. Our paſſions are

permitted to ſip a little pleaſure; but are extinguiſhed by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the firſt impreſſion. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: And hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-faſhioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requiſite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but ſhould never be ſuffered to ſet her mark upon them: I mean, in regard to thoſe articles that are of nature's province; the ſhaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the diſpoſition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will ſoon occur, which, however, ſhe is allowed to regulate, ſomewhat clandeſtinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the univerſe at one ſurvey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be cenſured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the ſame, as if, in his preſent ſituation, he ſtrove to find amuſement in contriving the fabrick of an ant's neſt, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a ſphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a ſtation, proper

proper to give us an univerſal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and diſpoſitions of the ſyſtem. We perceive many breaks and blemiſhes, ſeveral neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a ſnail to be ſatisfied with the beauty of our parterres, ſlopes, and terraſſes—or ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man ſhould be ſatisfied, without a ſingle thought that he can improve the ſpot that falls to his ſhare. But, though art be neceſſary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reaſon is ſhe authorized to thwart and to oppoſe her? Why fantaſtically endeavor to humanize thoſe vegetables, of which nature, diſcreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the ſoil? Here art ſeems very affectedly to make a diſplay of that induſtry, which it is her glory to conceal. The ſtone which repreſents an aſteriſk, is valued only on account of its natural production: Nor do we view with pleaſure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artiſts. We view with much more ſatisfaction ſome plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but leſs viſibly, induſtrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the ſhining texture of the ſilk-worm; but we loath the puny author, when ſhe thinks proper

per to emerge; and to diſguſt us with the appearance of ſo vile a grub.

BUT this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the moſt abject vaſſal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The caſe is different where ſhe has the direction of buildings, uſeful or ornamental; or perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inſcribed. Here then it is her intereſt to be ſeen as much as poſſible: And, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contraſt her ſtructures furniſh, it is not eaſy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her ſide, will not repay.

A RURAL ſcene to me is never perfect without the addition of ſome kind of building: Indeed I have known a ſcar of rock-work, in great meaſure, ſupply the deficiency.

IN gardening, it is no ſmall point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by ſurprize; for inſtance, by abrupt tranſition from their contraries—but to lay a ſtreſs upon ſurprize only; for example, on the ſurprize occaſioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpoſe; is a ſymptom of bad taſte, and a violent fondneſs for mere concetto.

GRAN-

GRANDEUR and beauty are ſo very oppoſite, that you often diminiſh the one as you encreaſe the other. Variety is moſt a-kin to the latter, ſimplicity to the former.

SUPPOSE a large hill varied, by art, with large patches of different-colored clumps, ſcars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houſes; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful ſcene, but much leſs grand than it was before.

IN many inſtances, it is moſt eligible to compound your ſcene of beauty and grandeur—Suppoſe a magnificent ſwell ariſing out of a well-variegated valley; it would be diſadvantageous to encreaſe it's beauty, by means deſtructive to it's magnificence.

THERE may poſſibly, but there ſeldom happens to be any occaſion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwiſe. It is for the moſt part the gardener's buſineſs to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

THE hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordſhire afford a moſt beautiful ſcenery, at the time they are in bloſſom: But the proſpect would be really grander, did it conſiſt of ſimple foliage. For the

ſame reaſon, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the ſame in ſpring. The ſprightly green is then obfuſcated.

SMOOTHNESS and eaſy tranſitions are no ſmall ingredient in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the ſublime: Thus a tapering ſpire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

MANY of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to ſeats, villas, &c. are owing to want of diſtinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter pleaſe; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

MR. ADDISON thought an open uninclоſed champain country, formed the beſt landſkip. Somewhat here is to be conſidered. Large, unvariegated, ſimple objects have the beſt pretenſions to ſublimity; a large mountain, whoſe ſides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: But then it's beauty is proportionably leſs.

HOWEVER, I think a plain ſpace near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: And then the picture, whether you chuſe the grand or beautiful, ſhould be held up at it's proper diſtance. Variety

is

is the principal ingredient in beauty; and ſimplicity is eſſential to grandeur.

OFFENSIVE objects, at a proper diſtance, acquire even a degree of beauty: For inſtance, ſtubble fallow ground ——

ON POLITICKS.

PERHAPS men of the moſt different ſects and parties very frequently think the ſame; only vary in their phraſe and language. At leaſt, if one examines their firſt principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candor, to conſider the reſt as nothing more.

A COURTIER's dependent is a beggar's dog.

IF national reflections are unjuſt, becauſe there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the ſame footing?

A GOVERNMENT is inexcuſable for employing fooliſh miniſters; becauſe they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I FANCY, the proper means of encreaſing the love we bear our native country, is to reſide ſome time in a foreign one.

THE love of popularity ſeems little elſe than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a perſon aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honeſt, but in their end pernicious and deſtructive.

THERE

THERE ought no doubt, to be heroes in ſociety as well as butchers; and who knows but the neceſſity of butchers (inflaming and ſtimulating the paſſions with animal food) might at firſt occaſion the neceſſity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior.

THE whole myſtery of a courtly behavior ſeems included in the power of making general favors appear particular ones.

A MAN of remarkable genius may afford to paſs by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuſe. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticiſm indiſcriminately.

INDOLENCE is a kind of centripetal force.

IT ſeems idle to rail at ambition merely becauſe it is a boundleſs paſſion; or rather is not this circumſtance an argument in it's favor? If one would be employed or amuſed through life, ſhould we not make choice of a paſſion that will keep one long in play?

A SPORTSMAN of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diverſion: A fox, that will ſupport the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment. E.

THE ſubmiſſion of Prince Hal to the civil magiſtrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conqueſts of Henry the Fifth in France.

THE moſt animated ſocial pleaſure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a ſucceſsful engagement, or in it: I mean by ſuch commanders as have ſouls equal to their occupation. This, however, ſeems paradoxical, and requires ſome explanation.

RESISTANCE to the reigning powers is juſtifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconſiſtent with the good of the ſubject; that our interpoſition tends to eſtabliſh better meaſures; and this without a probability of occaſioning evils that may overbalance them. But theſe conſiderations muſt never be ſeparated.

PEOPLE are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, becauſe they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—or admiration: Likewiſe becauſe one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumſtances, I believe the largeſt cities are the moſt vicious of all others.

LAWS

LAWS are generally found to be nets of ſuch a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle ſize are alone entangled in.

THOUGH I have no ſort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candor to make ſome diſtinction between the immorality of it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-ſpeech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worſt of crimes. And in regard to civil ſocieties, I believe there are none but madmen will diſpute it. But ſurely with regard to conſcience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it ſome people's duty. Sin does not conſiſt in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the underſtanding, but the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opinion has happened to miſplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious deſire of indulging his appetites—In ſhort, if his own reaſon, liable to err, have biaſſed his will; rather than his will any way contributed to biaſs and deprave his reaſon, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, beſide an earthly tribunal.

A PERSON's right to reſiſt, depends upon a conviction, thet the government is ill-managed; that

others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better: That he, by his reſiſtance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any conſequential evils that will bear proportion to the ſaid advantage.

WHETHER this were not in appearance the caſe of Balmerino, I will not preſume to ſay: How conceived, or from what deluſion ſprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honeſt man, in other reſpects, one may gueſs his behaviour was rather owing to the miſrepreſentations of his reaſon, than to any depravity, perverſeneſs, or diſingenuity of his will.

IF a perſon ought heartly to ſtickle for any cauſe, it ſhould be that of moderation. Moderation ſhould be his party.

EGO.

EGOTISMS,

FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I HATE maritime expreſſions, ſimiles, and alluſions; my diſlike, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the unnaturalneſs of ſhipping, and the great ſhare which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

MAY I always have an heart ſuperior, with œconomy ſuitable, to my fortune!

IV.

INANIMATES, toys, utenſils, ſeem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various viciſſitudes. I have often viewed my watch, ſtandiſh, ſnuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendſhip, which there are ſome men, who do not deſerve:

"MIDST many faithleſs only faithful found!"

V.

V.

I LOVED Mr. Somervile, becauſe he knew ſo perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money.

VI.

IT is with me in regard to the earth itſelf, as it is in regard to thoſe that walk upon it's ſurface. I love to paſs by crowds, and to catch diſtant views of the country as I walk along; but I inſenſibly chuſe to ſit where I cannot ſee two yards before me.

VII.

I BEGIN, too ſoon in life, to ſlight the world more than is conſiſtent with making a figure in it. The "non eſt tanti" of Ovid grows upon me ſo faſt that in a few years I ſhall have no paſſion.

VIII.

I AM obliged to the perſon that ſpeaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who ſpeaks well of me in my abſence alſo. Should I be aſked whether I choſe to have a perſon ſpeak well of me when abſent or preſent, I ſhould anſwer the latter; for were all men to do ſo, the former would be inſignificant.

IX.

I FEEL an avarice of ſocial pleaſure, which produces only mortification. I never ſee a town or city in a map, but I figure to myſelf many agreeable perſons

perſons in it, with whom I could wiſh to be acquainted.

X.

It is a miſerable thing to be ſenſible of the value of one's time, and yet reſtrained by circumſtances from making a proper uſe of it. One feels one's ſelf ſomewhat in the ſituation of admiral Hoſier.

XI.

It is a miſerable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconſiſtent.

XII.

The modern world conſiders it as a part of politeneſs, to make the mention of kindred in all addreſſes to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and eſteem upon a leſs partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not ſuffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it ſerves to connect us cloſer. Wherever I diſeſteemed, I would abdicate my firſt-couſin.

XIII.

Circumlocutory, philoſophical obſcenity appears to me the moſt naufeous of all ſtuff: Shall I ſay it takes away the ſpirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a caput mortuum? or ſhall I ſay rather it is a fir—e in an envelope of fine gilt-paper, which only raiſes expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obſcenely with a grace, it were downright country

try fellows, who uſe an unaffected language: But even among theſe, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

IT is ſome loſs of liberty to reſolve on ſchemes before-hand.

XV.

THERE are a ſort of people to whom one would allot good wiſhes and perform good offices: but they are ſometimes thoſe, with whom one would by no means ſhare one's time.

XVI.

I WOULD have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can diſcover a luſtre to the human eye.

XVII.

I AM ſurely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a falſe diſdain, than an unreal eſteem.

XVIII.

YET why repine? I have ſeen manſions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-houſe into an Hampton-court, and where they ſpeak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by compariſon.

XIX.

I DO not ſo much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being ſo: The generality of mankind being ſeldom in good humour but

whilſt they are impoſing upon you in ſome ſhape or other.

XX.

I CANNOT avoid comparing the eaſe and freedom I enjoy, to the eaſe of an old ſhoe; where a certain degree of ſhabbineſs is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

NOT Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chineſe language, ſeems half ſo difficult to me as the language of refuſal.

XXII.

I ACTUALLY dreamt that ſomebody told me I muſt not print my pieces ſeparate. That certain ſtars, if ſingle, be hardly conſpicuous, which, united in a narrow compaſs, form a very ſplendid conſtellation.

XXIII.

THE ways of ballad-ſingers, and the cries of half-penny-pamphlets, appeared ſo extremely humourous, from my lodgings in Fleet-ſtreet, that it gave me pain to obſerve them without a companion to partake. For alas, laughter is by no means a ſolitary entertainment.

XXIV.

HAD I a fortune of eight or ten thouſand pounds a year, I would methinks make myſelf a neighbourhood. I would firſt build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of ſome branch of trade

trade that was ſuitable to the country round. I would then, at proper diſtances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thouſand pounds a piece, and amuſe myſelf with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taſte. Theſe would I people with a ſelect number of well-choſen friends, aſſigning to each annually the ſum of two hundred pounds for life. The ſalary ſhould be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The houſe, on a more precarious tenure, that, in caſes of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant.—How plauſible however this may appear in ſpeculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient conſequences of it, when put in execution.

XXV.

I THINK, I have obſerved univerſally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "Malè ſarta gratia nec quicquam "coit, & reſcinditur." A wound in the friendſhip of young perſons, as in the bark of young trees, may be ſo grown over, as to leave no ſcar. The caſe is very different in regard to old perſons and old timber. The reaſon of this may be accountable from the decline of the ſocial paſſions, and the prevalence of ſpleen, ſuſpicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

XXVI.

THERE is nothing, to me, more irkſome than to hear weak and ſervile people repeat with admiration every

every ſilly ſpeech that falls from a mere perſon of rank and fortune. It is *crambe bis cocta.*—The nonſenſe grows more nauſeous through the medium of their admiration, and ſhews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can conſider fortune as the goddeſs of wit.

XXVII.

WHAT pleaſure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttelton make the ſame obſervation. It ſeems to flow from a combination of circumſtances, each of which is productive of pleaſure. In the firſt place, it removes that uneaſineſs, which a true ſpirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleaſure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our ſocial affection: It promotes that [redacted] confidence, which is ſo very intereſting to an honeſt mind: It opens a proſpect of being readily ſupplied with what we want on future occaſions: It leaves a conſciouſneſs of our own virtue: and it is a meaſure we know to be right, both in point of juſtice and of ſound œconomy. Finally, it is a main ſupport of ſimple reputation.

XXVIII.

IT is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others alſo, upon the ſcore of prudence) whenever I loſe a perſon's friendſhip, who generally commences enemy, to engage a freſh friend in his place. And this may be beſt effected by bringing over ſome of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the ſame number of friends at leaſt, if not an

enemy

enemy the leſs. Such a method of proceeding ſhould, I think, be as regularly obſerved, as the diſtribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of Knights of the Garter.

XXIX.

IT has been a maxim with me to admit of an eaſy reconciliation with a perſon, whoſe offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: But where I was convinced it did ſo, to forego, for my own ſake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the perſons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleaſing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no ſmall ſhare of happineſs from this principle.

XXX.

I HAVE been formerly ſo ſilly as to hope, that, every ſervant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of ſervitude generally bears a contrary tendency. Peoples characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: Birth itſelf does but little. Kings in general are born with the ſame propenſities as other men; but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more ſubjected to their paſſions, than any men beſide. I queſtion not but there are many attorneys born with open and honeſt hearts: but I know not one, that has had the leaſt practice, who is not ſelfiſh, trickiſh, and diſingenuous. So it

is

is the nature of ſervitude to diſcard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than thoſe ſcoundrel ones of intereſt and fear. There are however ſome exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ON DRESS.

DRESS, like writing, ſhould never appear the effect of too much ſtudy and application. On this account, I have ſeen parts of dreſs, in themſelves extremely beautiful, which at the ſame time ſubject the wearer to the character of foppiſhneſs and affectation.

II.

A MAN's dreſs in the former part of life ſhould rather tend to ſet off his perſon, than to expreſs riches, rank or dignity: In the latter, the reverſe.

III.

EXTREME elegance in liveries, I mean ſuch as is expreſt by the more languid colors, is altogether abſurd. They ought to be rather gawdy than genteel; if for no other reaſon, yet for this, that elegance may more ſtrongly diſtinguiſh the appearance of the gentleman.

IV.

IT is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are moſt properly the judges of the men's dreſs, and the men of that of the ladies.

V.

V.

I THINK, till thirty, or with ſome a little longer, people ſhould dreſs in a way that is moſt likely to procure the love of the oppoſite ſex.

VI.

THERE are many modes of dreſs, which the world eſteems handſome, which are by no means calculated to ſhew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

LOVE can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it—For this reaſon, however a peruke may tend to ſoften the human features, it can very ſeldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it diſcovers.

VIII.

A RICH dreſs adds but little to the beauty of a perſon. It may poſſibly create a deference, but that is rather en enemy to love:

" Non benè conveniunt nec in una ſede morantur
" Majeſtas & amor." Ovid.

IX.

SIMPLICITY can ſcarce be carried too far: provided it be not ſo ſingular as to excite a degree of ridicule. The ſame caution may be requiſite in regard to the value of your dreſs: though

ſplendor be not neceſſary, you muſt remove all appearance of poverty: the ladies being rarely enough ſagacious to acknowledge beauty through the diſguiſe of poverty. Indeed, I believe ſometimes they miſtake grandeur of dreſs, for beauty of perſon.

X.

A PERSON's manner is never eaſy, whilſt he feels a conſciouſneſs that he is fine. The country-fellow, conſidered in ſome lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dreſt on Sundays, with a large noſe-gay in his boſom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with eaſe, and thinks himſelf equal to his apparel.

XI.

WHEN a man has run all lengths himſelf with regard to dreſs, there is but one means remaining, which can add to his appearance. And this conſiſts in having recourſe to the utmoſt plainneſs of his own apparel, and at the ſame time richly garniſhing his foot-man or his horſe. Let the ſervant appear as fine as ever you pleaſe, the world muſt always conſider the maſter as his ſuperior. And this is that peculiar excellence ſo much admired in the beſt painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: Where ſomewhat is left to be ſupplyed by the ſpectator's and reader's imagination.

XII.

METHINKS, apparel ſhould be rich in the ſame proportion as it is gay: It otherwiſe carries the appearance of ſomewhat unſubſtantial: in other words, of a greater deſire than ability to make a figure.

XIII.

PERSONS are oftentimes miſled in regard to their choice of dreſs, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than ſelecting ſuch colours as may encreaſe their own beauty.

XIV.

I CANNOT ſee why a perſon ſhould be eſteemed haughty, on account of his taſte for fine cloaths, any more than one who diſcovers a fondneſs for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to ſeek amuſement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himſelf. It appears to me, that a perſon may love ſplendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taſte but when a perſon demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceaſes to be taſte, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this eſſential diſtinction.

XV.

THE firſt inſtance an officer gives you of his courage, conſiſts in wearing cloaths infinitely ſuperior to his rank.

XVI.

MEN of quality never appear more amiable than when their dreſs is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and it's appendages, are at beſt invidious; and as they do not need the aſſiſtance of dreſs, ſo, by their diſclaiming the advantage of it, they make their ſuperiority ſit more eaſy. It is otherwiſe with ſuch as depend alone on perſonal merit; and it was from hence, I preſume, that Quin aſſerted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

THERE are certain ſhapes and phyſiognomies, of ſo entirely vulgar a caſt, that they could ſcarce win reſpect even in the country, though they were embelliſhed with a dreſs as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A LARGE retinue upon a ſmall income, like a large caſcade upon a ſmall ſtream, tends to diſcover it's tenuity.

XIX.

WHY are perfumes ſo much decryed? When a perſon on his approach diffuſes them, does he not revive the idea which the antients ever entertained concerning the deſcent of ſuperior beings, "veiled "in a cloud of fragrance?"

XX.

XX.

THE loweſt people are generally the firſt to find fault with ſhew or equipage; eſpecially that of a perſon lately emerged from his obſcurity. They never once conſider that he is breaking the ice for themſelves.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

FINE writing is generally the effect of ſpontaneous thoughts and a laboured ſtyle.

II.

LONG ſentences in a ſhort compoſition are like large rooms in a little houſe.

III.

THE world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

INSTEAD of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their miſtreſſes, if poets would addreſs the ſame to their Muſe, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V.

SUPERFICIAL writers, like the mole, often fancy themſelves deep, when they are exceeding near the ſurface.

VI.

VI.

" Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
" Viribus"——

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that ſhould have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that ſignifies a female friend. " Amica" means a miſtreſs: and perhaps there is no friendſhip betwixt the ſexes wholly diſunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phraſe, ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

IX.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he ſtoops; and, induced by this circumſtance, aſpire to meaſure height with him.

X.

X.

THE national opinion of a book or treatiſe is not always right—" eſt ubi peccat "—Milton's Paradiſe loſt is one inſtance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at firſt.

XI.

PERHAPS, an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than ſatisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens ſenſibility; ſenſibility ſtrengthens paſſion; and paſſion makes people humouriſts.

YET a perſon of genius is often expected to ſhew more diſcretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greateſt impediment. This happens for want of diſtinguiſhing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiſcriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

XII.

AN actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a muſician by playing on a bad inſtrument.

XIII.

POETS ſeem to have fame, in lieu of moſt temporal advantages. They are too little formed for buſineſs,

buſineſs, to be reſpected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV.

TULLY ever ſeemed an inſtance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a ſpirited writer.

XV.

ONE would rather be a ſtump of laurel than the ſtump of a church-yard yew-tree.

XVI.

"DEGERE more feræ." Virg. Vanbrugh ſeems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miſs Hoyden envying the liberty of a grey-hound bitch.

XVII.

THERE is a certain flimzineſs of poetry, which ſeems expedient in a ſong.

XVIII.

DIDO, as well as Deſdemona *, ſeems to have been a mighty admirer of ſtrange atchievements:

"Heu! quibus ille
"Jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhauſta canebat!
"Si mihi non," &c.

This may ſhew that Virgil, Shakeſpear, and Shafteſbury agreed in the ſame opinion.

XIX.

* Lord Shafteſbury.

XIX.

IT is often obſerved of wits, that they will loſe their beſt friend for the ſake of a joke. Candour may diſcover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the leſs degree of their benevolence, which is the cauſe.

XX.

PEOPLE in high or in diſtinguiſhed life ought to have a greater circumſpection in regard to their moſt trivial actions. For inſtance, I ſaw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you ſaw him?—why, to the beſt of my memory, he was picking his noſe.

XXI.

EVEN Joe Miller in his jeſts has an eye to poetical juſtice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the ſide of merit. No ſmall compliment to mankind!

XXII.

To ſay a perſon writes a good ſtile, is originally as pedantick an expreſſion as to ſay he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

THE firſt line of Virgil ſeems to patter like an hail-ſtorm—"Tityre, tu patulæ," &c.

XXIV.

XXIV.

THE vanity and extreme ſelf-love of the French is no where more obſervable than in their authors; and among theſe, in none more than Boileau; who, beſides his rhodomontades, preſerves every the moſt inſipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the ſake of one ever ſo much better.

XXV.

THE writer who gives us the beſt idea of what may be called the genteel in ſtyle and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shafteſbury. Then Mr. Addiſon and Dr. Swift.

A PLAIN narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more ſtriking effect without the author's comment.

XXVI.

LONG periods and ſhort ſeem analogous to gothick and modern ſtair-caſes: The former were of ſuch a ſize as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter ſuch, that they might command half a dozen.

I THINK nothing truly poetic, at leaſt no poetry worth compoſing, that does not ſtrongly affect one's paſſions: and this is but ſlenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies:

"Incredulus odi." Hor.

XXVII.

XXVII.

A PREFACE very frequently contains ſuch a piece of critiſm, as tends to countenance and eſtabliſh the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I HATE a ſtyle, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that ſlides along like an eel, and never riſes to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

IT is obvious to diſcover that imperfections of one kind have a viſible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily diſadvantages muſt incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foreſaw that he muſt have languiſhed in obſcurity. The advantages of perſon are a good deal eſſential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but alſo of the ladies.

XXX.

POPE, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior ſpeaks ſo handſomely of Pope in his Alma. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for ſuch numberleſs beauties, ſhould have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning.

ning. In other words, to ſome modification of ſelfiſhneſs.

XXXI.

VIRGIL never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

POPE ſeems to me the moſt correct writer ſince Virgil; the greateſt genius only, ſince Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical ſubjects.

XXXIV.

POPE's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condenſation of thoughts. I think, no other Engliſh poet ever brought ſo much ſenſe into the ſame number of lines with equal ſmoothneſs, eaſe, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruſe his Eſſay on Man with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not eaſily have ſwerved: Perhaps, he could not have ſufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimzineſs which is required in a ballad or love-ſong. His monſter of Raguſa and his tranſlations from Chaucer have ſome little tendency to invalidate this obſervation.

XXXV.

I DURST not have cenſured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you ſay. True. A writer ſurrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and ſlippers.

XXXVI.

POPE's religion is often found very advantageous to his deſcriptive talents, as it is no doubt embelliſhed with the moſt pompous ſcenes and oſtentatious imagery: for inſtance,

"When from the cenſer clouds of" &c.

XXXVII.

POPE has made the utmoſt advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pauſe with the utmoſt ſucceſs:

"Die and endow a college or a cat," &c. &c.

It is an eaſy kind of beauty. Dryden ſeems to have borrowed it from Spenſer.

XXXVIII.

POPE has publiſhed fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

IT is no doubt extremely poſſible to form an Engliſh proſody; but to a good ear it were almoſt ſuperfluous,

fluous, and to a bad one uſeleſs; this laſt being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with ſound judgment: but is ſurely never united with taſte, which is the life and ſoul of poetry.

XL.

RHYMES, in elegant poetry, ſhould conſiſt of ſyllables that are long in pronunciation; ſuch as "are, "ear, ire, ore, your"; in which a nice ear will find more agreeableneſs than in theſe "gnat, net, "knit, knot, nut".

XLI.

THERE is a vaſt beauty (to me) in uſing a word of a particular nature in the eighth and ninth ſyllables of an Engliſh verſe. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For inſtance,

"And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains."

Let any perſon of an ear ſubſtitute "liquid" inſtead of "watry," and he will find the diſadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our verſification through a judicious diſpoſition of the pauſe) ſeems not enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

As to the frequent uſe of alliteration, it has probably had it's day.

XLIII.

IT has ever a good effect when the ſtreſs of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice moſt naturally pronounces with an emphaſis.

" I nunc & verſus tecum meditare," &c. Hor.

" Quam vellent æthere in alto

" Nunc & pauperiem," &c. Virg.

" O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia, &c. Virg.

" At regina gravi jamdudum," &c. Virg.

Virgil, whoſe very metre appears to affect one's paſſions, was a maſter of this ſecret.

XLIV.

THERE are numbers in the world, who do not want ſenſe, to make a figure; ſo much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their obſervations, and allowing them the ſame importance which they do to thoſe which others print.

XLV.

A GOOD writer cannot with the utmoſt ſtudy produce ſome thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with eaſe and precipitation. The reverſe is alſo true. A bad writer, &c.

XLVI.

" GREAT wits have ſhort memories" is a proverb; and as ſuch has undoubtedly ſome foundation

in

in nature. The caſe ſeems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumſtances, which make no ſlight impreſſion in every-day minds. But ſure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of paſſages, either to illuſtrate or contraſte with any preſent occaſion. It is probably the fate of a common underſtanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of thoſe things which almoſt every one remembers renders his caſe the more remarkable, and this explains the myſtery.

XLVII.

PRUDES allow no quarter to ſuch ladies as have fallen a ſacrifice to the gentle paſſions; either becauſe themſelves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other ſo powerful as to occaſion them any difficulty; or becauſe no one has tempted them to tranſgreſs that way themſelves. It is the ſame caſe with ſome criticks, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

IT ſeems with wit and good-nature, "Utrum "horum mavis accipe," Taſte and good-nature are univerſally connected.

XLIX.

VOITURE's compliments to ladies are honeſt on account of their exceſs.

L.

POETRY and conſumptions are the moſt flattering of diſeaſes.

LI.

EVERY perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

LII.

SOME men uſe no other means to acquire reſpect, than by inſiſting on it; and it ſometimes anſwers their purpoſe, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

LIII.

THERE is nothing exerts a genius ſo much as writing plays: the reaſon is, that the writer puts himſelf in the place of every perſon that ſpeaks.

LIV.

PERFECT characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level ſheets of water, in the formation of a landſkip. The reaſon is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

LV.

LV.

TRIFLES diſcover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a perſon is off his guard, and thinks it not material to uſe diſguiſe. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the diſcovery of a man's chatacter, to ſay he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his ſleeve.

LVI.

A GRAMMARIAN ſpeaks of firſt and ſecond perſon: A poet of Celia and Corydon: A mathematician of A and B: A lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quinteſſence of pedantry!

LVII.

SHAKESPEAR makes his very bombaſt anſwer his purpoſe, by the perſons he chuſes to utter it.

LVIII.

A POET, till he arrives at thirty, can ſee no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to diſcover ſome other.

LIX.

THE plan of Spenſer's Fairy-queen appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extenſive, yet ſomewhat leſs ſo, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one conſiders the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices.

His metre has ſome advantages, though, in many reſpects, exceptionable. His good-nature is viſible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Chriſtian ſcheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting ſimultaneouſly) wholly inexcuſable. Much art and judgment are diſcovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain ſome doubt whether the peruſal of his monſtrous deſcriptions be not as prejudicial to true taſte, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenſer, to be ſure, expands the laſt; but then he expands it beyond it's due limits. After all, there are many favorite paſſages in his Fairy Queen, which will be inſtances of a great and cultivated genius miſapplied.

LX.

A POET, that fails in writing, becomes often a moroſe critick. The weak and inſipid white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

LXI.

PEOPLE of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of eſtabliſhed writers, not ſo much upon account of the ſocial pleaſure, as the credit of it: The former would induce them to chuſe perſons of leſs capacities, and tempers more conformable.

LXII.

LXII.

LANGUAGE is to the underſtanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a perſon may be ſuperior to another in underſtanding, that has not an equal dignity of expreſſion; and a man may boaſt an handſomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXIII.

THE words "no more" have a ſingular pathos; reminding us at once of paſt pleaſure and the future excluſion of it.

LXIV.

EVERY ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of genius, be it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance; becauſe he ſpeaks from his own impreſſions; whereas common men publiſh common things, which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXV.

IT is providential that our affection diminiſhes in proportion as our friends power encreaſes. Affection is of leſs importance whenever a perſon can ſupport himſelf. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favorite. We may trace the ſame law throughout the animal creation.

LXVI.

THE time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the ſeaſon when judgment decides beſt, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in reſpect of their diſpoſition, younger than other perſons: a circumſtance that gives the latter part of their lives ſome inconſiſtency. The cool phlegmatic tribe diſcover it in the former.

LXVII.

ONE ſometimes meets with inſtances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not uſed more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For inſtance (after Falſtaff's diſappointment ſerving Shallow at court)

"Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand "pounds"——

Shakeſpear.

WHEN Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther againſt England, but to ſheath the ſword he had drawn at the Pope's own inſtigation:

"Now it had already coſt Philip eighty thou-"ſand pound in preparations."

AFTER the detail of king John's abject ſubmiſſion to the Pope's legate:

"Now John was hated and deſpiſed before."

BUT

BUT, perhaps, the ſtrongeſt of all may be taken from the Scripture (Concluſion of a chapter in St. John)

"Now Barabbas was a robber,"—

LXVIII.

A POET hurts himſelf by writing proſe; as a race-horſe hurts his motions by condeſcending to draw in a team.

LXIX.

THE ſuperior politeneſs of the French is in nothing more diſcernible than in the phraſes uſed by them and us to expreſs an affair being in agitation. The former ſays, "ſur la tapis;" the latter "upon "the anvil." Does it not ſhew alſo the ſincerity and ſerious face with which we enter upon buſineſs, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the moſt important?

LXX.

THERE are two qualities adherent to the moſt ingenious authors: I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no ſervility, and a ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs that keeps their worth concealed: The "ſuperbia quæſita meritis" and the "malus pudor" of Horace. The one will not ſuffer them to make advances to the great; the other

diſguiſes

diſguiſes that merit for which the great would ſeek out them. Add to theſe the frequent indolence of ſpeculative tempers.

LXXI.

A POETICAL genius ſeems the moſt elegant of youthful accompliſhments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, ſprightlineſs of dreſs, and a blooming aſpect, conſpire very amicably to their mutual embelliſhment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

LXXII.

THE moſt obſequious Muſes, like the fondeſt and moſt willing courtezans, ſeldom leave us any reaſon to boaſt much of their favors.

LXXIII.

IF you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the beſt of ſubjects before you; if a tranſlation, of the beſt authors.

LXXIV.

THE antient poets ſeem to value themſelves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotemporaries. Indeed the circumſtance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying ſome of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwiſe, the hiſtorians appear more equal to the

talk of conferring immortality. An hiſtory will live, though written ever ſo indifferently; and is generally leſs ſuſpected, than the rhetorick of the Muſes.

LXXV.

I WONDER authors do not diſcover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory addreſs, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the ſake of an F. R. S. or an LL. D. at the end of it.

IT ſhould ſeem, the many lies, deſcernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the Engliſh, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey * a ſtrange idea of the Engliſh underſtanding;

LXXVII.

MIGHT not the poem on the Seaſons have been rendered more "uni", by giving out the deſign of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards conſidering all the varieties of ſeaſon as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

CRITICKS muſt excuſe me, if I compare them to certain animals called aſſes; who, by gnawing vines, originally

* Miſſionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that diſlikes them.

originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

EVERY good poet includes a critick; the reverſe will not hold.

LXXX.

WE want a word to expreſs the "Hoſpes" or "Hoſpita" of the antients; among them, perhaps, the moſt reſpectable of all characters; yet with us tranſlated "Hoſt," which we apply alſo to an Innkeeper. Neither have we any word to expreſs "Amica," as if we thought a woman always was ſomewhat more or leſs than a friend.

LXXXI.

I KNOW not where any Latin author uſes "Ignotos" otherwiſe than as "obſcure Perſons," as the modern phraſe implies, "whom nobody knows." Yet it is uſed differently on Mrs. L——'s monument.

LXXXII.

THE philoſopher, who conſidered the world as one vaſt animal, could eſteem himſelf no other than a louſe upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

ORATORS and ſtage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cauſe and their coaches with rhetorick and flower-pots.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

IT is idle to be much aſſiduous in the peruſal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taſte in compoſition; and a perſon's own imagination ſhould be able to ſupply the reſt.

IN the ſame manner, it is ſuperfluous to purſue inferior degrees of fame. One truly ſplendid action, or one well-finiſhed compoſition, includes more than all the reſults from more trivial performances. I mean this for perſons who make fame their only motive.

VERY few ſentiments are proper to be put in a perſon's mouth, during the firſt attack of grief.

EVERY thing diſguſts, but mere ſimplicity; the ſcriptural writers deſcribe their heroes uſing only ſome ſuch phraſe as this: "Alas! my brother!" "O Abſalom my ſon! my ſon!" &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuſe, but at the ſame time entirely ſimple.

ANGLING is literally deſcribed by Martial:

"—tremulâ piſcem deducere ſetâ."

FROM "Ictum fœdus" ſeems to come the Engliſh phraſe and cuſtom of ſtriking a bargain.

I LIKE Ovid's Amours better than his Epiſtles. There ſeems a greater variety of natural thoughts: Whereas, when one has read the ſubject of one of his epiſtles, one foreſees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

THE plan of his Epiſtles for the moſt part well deſigned—The anſwers of Sabinus, nothing.

NECESSITY may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a perſon ſuſpects his phraſe to be ſomewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he ſhould accuſtom himſelf to compoſe in blank verſe: But let him be much upon his guard againſt Antient Piſtol's phraſeology.

PROVIDENCE ſeems altogether impartial in the diſpenſation which beſtows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

RESPECT is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly deſired. When one is poſſeſſed of the end through any one of theſe means, is it not wholly unphiloſophical to covet the remainder?

LORD Shafteſbury, in the genteel management of ſome familiar ideas, ſeems to have no equal. He diſcovers

diſcovers an eloignment from vulgar phraſes much becoming a perſon of quality. His ſketches ſhould be ſtudied, like thoſe of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the ſhorteſt and cleareſt ſyſtems of morality.

THE queſtion is, whether you diſtinguiſh me, becauſe you have better ſenſe than other people; or whether you ſeem to have better ſenſe than other people, becauſe you diſtinguiſh me.

ONE feels the ſame kind of diſguſt in reading Roman hiſtory, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too eaſily foreſee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too ſeldom overcome.

THE elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conſpicuous than in their anſwers to ambaſſadors.

THERE is an important omiſſion in moſt of our grammar-ſchools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real hiſtory, leaves either faint or confuſed impreſſions. I mean the neglect of old geographical maps. Were maps of antient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in uſe there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the caſe.

A PERSON

A PERSON of a pedantic turn will ſpend five years in tranſlating, and contending for the beauties of, a worſe poem than he might write in five weeks himſelf. There ſeem to be authors who wiſh to ſacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

BOILEAU has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable ſatyrs, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before thoſe of the brute creation. Oldham has tranſlated him: My Lord Rocheſter has imitated him: And even Mr. Pope declares,

"That, reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct how you can,
"In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man."

INDEED, the Eſſay on Man abounds with illuſtrations of this maxim; and 'tis amazing to find how many plauſible reaſons may be urged to ſupport it. It ſeems evident that our itch of reaſoning, and ſpirit of curioſity, precludes more happineſs than it can poſſibly advance. What numbers of diſeaſes are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We diſreliſh and deny ourſelves cheap and natural gratifications, through ſpeculative preſciences and doubts about the future. We cannot diſcover the deſigns of our Creator. We ſhould learn then of brutes to be eaſy under our ignorance, and happy in

thoſe

thoſe objects that ſeem intended, obviouſly, for our happineſs: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and fooliſhly perplex ourſelves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I WISH but two editions of all books whatſoever. One of the ſimple text, publiſhed by a ſociety of able hands: another with the various readings and remarks of the ableſt commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

IF one would think with philoſophers, one muſt converſe but little with the vulgar. Theſe, by their very number, will force a perſon into a fondneſs for appearance, a love of money, a deſire of power; and other plebeian paſſions: objects which they admire, becauſe they have no ſhare in, and have not learning to ſupply the place of experience.

LIVY, the moſt elegant and principal of the Roman hiſtorians, was, perhaps, as ſuperſtitious as the moſt unlearned plebeian. We ſee, he never is deſtitute of appearances, accurately deſcribed and ſolemnly aſſerted, to ſupport particular events by the interpoſition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chicken-feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: "Parva ſunt hæc, ſed parva

iſta non contemnenda; majores noſtri maximam hanc rem fecerunt."

It appears from the Roman hiſtorians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet "Felix" ſeems ever to imply a favorite of the gods. I am miſtaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an oppoſite manner. Numbers amongſt them have been canonized upon the ſingle merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of ſuperficial ſubjects upon which we now generally converſe! add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which ſome kings clog and encumber converſation.

The celebrated boldneſs of an eaſtern metaphor is, I believe, ſometimes allowed it for the inconſiderable ſimilitude it bears to it's ſubject.

The ſtyle of letters, perhaps, ſhould not riſe higher, than the ſtyle of refined converſation.

Love-verses written without real paſſion, are often the moſt naufeous of all conceits. Thoſe written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful ſeaſon of youth, and poetry, and love.

VIRGIL gives one ſuch exceſſive pleaſure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the moſt perfect harmony of metre, with the moſt pleaſing ideas or images:

" Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem;
And
" Argentum Pariuſve lapis ———
With a thouſand better inſtances.

NOTHING tends ſo much to produce drunkenneſs, or even madneſs, as the frequent uſe of parentheſes in converſation.

FEW greater images of impatience, than a general ſeeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to ſee his ally approach with forces to his aſſiſtance. See Shakeſpear.

" When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear
" Harry,
" Caſt many a northward look to ſee his father
" Bring up his pow'rs—but he did look in vain."

BOOKS, &c.

SIMILES, drawn from odd circumſtances and effects ſtrangely accidental, bear a near relation to falſe wit. The beſt inſtance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

"He graſp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with
"bays."

VIRGIL diſcovers leſs wit, and more taſte, than any writer in the world—Some inſtances:

"——longumque bibebat amorem."

WHAT Lucretius ſays of the "edita doctrinæ ſa-
"pientum templa"—"the temples of philoſo-
"phers"—appears in no ſenſe more applicable than to a ſnug and eaſy chariot:

"Diſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
"Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ."

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-paſſengers, ſee them wandering on each ſide you, and pick their way through the dirt:

——"ſeriouſly
"From learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,
"And ſee plebeian ſpirits range below."

THERE

THERE is a ſort of maſonry in poetry, wherein the pauſe repreſents the joints of building; which ought in every line and courſe to have their diſpoſition varied.

THE difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taſte is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, ſo he joins them ſurprizingly—The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and ſtudies ſimplicity rather than ſurprize in his manner of introduction.

IT may in ſome meaſure account for the difference of taſte in the reading of books, to conſider the difference of our ears for muſick. One is not pleaſed without a perfect melody of ſtyle, be the ſenſe what it will: another, of no ear for muſick, gives to ſenſe it's full weight without any deduction on account of harſhneſs.

HARMONY of period and melody of ſtyle have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we paſs upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of ſcripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we moſt remember and quote, either in verſe or proſe, and we ſhall find them to be only muſical ones.

I WONDER the antient mythology never ſhews Apollo enamoured of Venus; conſidering the remark-

able deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower.

HOPE is a flatterer; but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

WHAT is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given.

PERHAPS, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as depends more upon the expression: or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity.

THE Splendid Shilling of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhimes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

SCENES below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

SWIFT in poetry deſerves a place ſomewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epiſtles and ſatyrs. I believe, few people diſcover leſs humour in Don Quixote than myſelf. For beſide the general ſameneſs of adventure, whereby it is eaſy to foreſee what he will do on moſt occaſions, it is not ſo eaſy to raiſe a laugh from the wild atchievements of a madman. The natural paſſion in that caſe is pity, with ſome ſmall portion of mirth at moſt. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would diſcover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

IT is a fine ſtroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, ſick of his government, makes no anſwer to his comforters, but aims directly at his ſhoes and ſtockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

THE arguments againſt pride drawn ſo frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumſtances, and cataſtrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and inſignificant. Man is not proud as a ſpecies, but as an individual; not, as comparing himſelf with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I HAVE often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableneſs, in regard to proportion, color, &c. from their own perſons.

III.

IT is happy enough that the ſame vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our conſtitution, that the one may not ſurvive the other.

IV.

DEFERENCE often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plants does upon the touch of one's finger.

V.

THE word Folly is, perhaps, the pretticſt word in the language. Amuſement and Diverſion are good well-

well-meaning words: But Paſtime is what never ſhould be uſed but in a bad ſenſe: It is vile to ſay ſuch a thing is agreeable, becauſe it helps to paſs the time away.

VI.

DANCING in the rough is one of the moſt natural expreſſions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely "cum ratione "inſanire."

VII.

A PLAIN, down-right, open-hearted fellow's converſation is as inſipid, ſays Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amuſement of thinking.

VIII.

THE fortunate have many paraſites: Hope is the only one that vouchſafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

IX.

A MAN of genius miſtaking his talent loſes the advantage of being diſtinguiſhed; a fool of being undiſtinguiſhed.

X.

JEALOUSY is the fear or appehenſion of ſuperiority: Envy our uneaſineſs under it.

XI.

WHAT ſome people term Freedom is nothing elſe than a liberty of ſaying and doing diſagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I CANNOT ſee why people are aſhamed to acknowledge their paſſion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

THE ridicule with which ſome people affect to triumph over their ſuperiors, is as though the moon under an eclipſe ſhould pretend to laugh at the ſun.

XIV.

ZEALOUS men are ever diſplaying to you the ſtrength of their belief, while judicious men are ſhewing you the grounds of it.

XV.

I CONSIDER your very teſty and quarrelſome people, in the ſame light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

XVI.

I AM afraid humility to genius is as an exſtinguiſher to a candle.

XVII.

XVII.

MANY perſons, when exalted, aſſume an inſolent humility, who behaved before with an inſolent haughtineſs.

XVIII.

MEN are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves, if they were in their places.

XIX.

MEN of fine parts, they ſay, are often proud; I anſwer, dull people are ſeldom ſo, and both act upon an appearance of reaſon.

XX.

IT was obſerved of a moſt accompliſhed lady, that ſhe was withal ſo very modeſt, that one ſometimes thought ſhe neglected the praiſes of her wit, becauſe ſhe could depend on thoſe of her beauty; at other times, that ſhe ſlighted thoſe of her beauty, knowing ſhe might rely on thoſe of her wit.

XXI.

THE only difference betwixt wine and ale ſeems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

IT is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableneſs: I mean when, ſeeming to wander from the ſubject, you

you return to it again with greater force. As a common inſtance: "I wiſh it was capable of a preciſe "demonſtration how much I eſteem, love, and "honor you; beyond all the rich, the gay, the "great, of this ſublunary ſphere: But I believe "that both divines and laymen will agree that the "ſublimeſt and moſt valuable truths are oftentimes "leaſt capable of demonſtration."

XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is uſed in ſome arbitrary governments (but ſuitable to none other) to inſtill it into the minds of the people that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

XXIV.

In a heavy oppreſſive atmoſphere, when the ſpirits ſink too low, the beſt cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

XXV.

Pride and modeſty are ſometimes found to unite together in the ſame character: and the mixture is as ſalutary as that of wine and water. The worſt combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obſtructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

XXVI.

XXVI.

A GREAT many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flouriſhes, put one in mind of a lark's deſcent to the ground.

XXVII.

PEOPLE frequently uſe this expreſſion, "I am "inclined to think ſo and ſo; not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

THE firſt part of a news-paper which an ill-natured man examines, is, the liſt of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX.

THE chief thing which induces men of ſenſe to uſe airs of ſuperiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwiſe run away with the men of ſenſe's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engroſſed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with ruſt, is a bad compliment to the preſent age.

XXXI.

ASK to borrow ſix-pence of the Muſes, and they tell you at preſent they are out of caſh, but hereafter they will furniſh you with five thouſand pounds.

XXXII.

XXXII.

THE argument againſt reſtraining our paſſions, becauſe we ſhall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much ſtronger for their reſtraint, than it is for their indulgence.

XXXIII.

FEW men, that would cauſe reſpect and diſtance merely, can ſay any thing by which their end will be ſo effectually anſwered as by ſilence.

XXXIV.

THERE is nothing more univerſally commended than a fine day; the reaſon is, that people can commend it without envy.

XXXV.

ONE may, modeſtly enough, calculate one's appearance for reſpect upon the road, where reſpect and convenience ſo remarkably coincide.

XXXVI.

ALTHOUGH a man cannot procure himſelf a title at pleaſure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, conſiderably. As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Muſgrove, to Thomas Muſgrove eſquire. And this by a behaviour of reſerve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

FOR a man of genius to condeſcend in converſation with vulgar people, gives the ſenſation that a tall man feels on being forced to ſtoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

THERE is nothing more univerſally prevalent than flattery. Perſons, who diſcover the flatterer, do not always diſapprove him, becauſe he imagines them conſiderable enough to deſerve his applications. It is a tacit ſort of compliment, that he eſteems them to be ſuch as it is worth his while to flatter:

"And when I tell him he hates flattery,
"He ſays he does, being then moſt flattered."
Shakeſpear.

XXXIX.

A PERSON has ſometimes more publick than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their anceſtor; but that of all the world was internal and ſincere.

YOUR plain domeſtic people, who talk of their humility and home-felt ſatisfactions, will in the ſame breath diſcover how much they envy a ſhining character. How is this conſiſtent?

You

YOU are prejudiced, ſays Pedanticus; I will not take your word, or your character of that man.—But the grounds of my prejudice are the ſource of my accuſation.

A PROUD man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reaſon is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condeſcenſion.

THE ſituation of a king, is ſo far from being miſerable, as pedants term it; that, if a perſon have magnanimity, it is the happieſt I know; as he has aſſuredly the moſt opportunities of diſtinguiſhing merit, and conferring obligations.

XL.

"Contemptæ dominus ſplendidior rei."

A MAN, a gentleman, evidently appears more conſiderable by ſeeming to deſpiſe his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLI.

WHAT man of ſenſe, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers converſation?

XLII.

MODESTY makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favor.

XLIII.

XLIII.

THIRD thoughts often coincide with the firſt, and are generally the beſt grounded. We firſt reliſh nature and the country; then artificial amuſements and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLIV.

WHILE we labour to ſubdue our paſſions, we ſhould take care not to extinguiſh them. Subduing our paſſions, is diſengaging ourſelves from the world; to which, however, whilſt we reſide in it, we muſt always bear relation; and we may detach ourſelves to ſuch a degree as to paſs an uſeleſs and inſipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our exiſtence here is at leaſt one part of a ſyſtem.

A MAN has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

XLV.

ANGER and the thirſt of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-ſuits, bleeding; at leaſt, an evacuation. The latter occaſions a diſſipation of money; the former of thoſe fiery ſpirits which cauſe a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

WERE a man of pleaſure to arrive at the full extent of his ſeveral wiſhes, he muſt immediately feel

himſelf miſerable. It is one ſpecies of deſpair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happineſs.

His following wiſh muſt then be to wiſh he had ſome freſh object for his wiſhes. A ſtrong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I HAVE ſeen one evil underneath the ſun, which gives me particular mortification.

THE reſerve or ſhyneſs of men of ſenſe generally confines them to a ſmall acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the ſimilarity of whoſe taſtes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondeſt friends.

XLVIII.

A MERE relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of juſtice.

XLIX.

IF a man be of ſuperior dignity to a woman, a woman is ſurely as much ſuperior to a man that is effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar has well enough adjuſted this ſubordination. "The maſculine is more worthy than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter."

L.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his eſtate is inconſiderable; that he can never make ſo much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to ſhew his riches; ſays, that he employs ſo many hands; he keeps his wife a chaiſe and one; and talks much of his Chineſe ornaments at his paltry cake-houſe in the country. They both aim at praiſe, but of a very diſtinct kind. Now, ſuppoſing the Cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the Gentleman ſurely chuſes the better method of oſtentation, who conſiders himſelf as ſomewhat ſuperior to his fortune, than he who ſeems to look up at his fortune, and conſequently ſets himſelf beneath it.

LI.

THE only kind of revenge which a man of ſenſe need take upon a ſcoundrel, is, by a ſeries of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and eſteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animoſity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falſtaff might ſay, "turning even quarrels to commodity."

LII.

IT is poſſible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a prieſt, to unite

a man and woman; but of all aſſociations the moſt effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former ſeems ſo framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may ſeize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

THE ſame degree of penetration that ſhews you another in the wrong, ſhews him alſo, in reſpect to that inſtance, your inferior: Hence the obſervation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

LIV.

THERE is none can baffle men of ſenſe, but fools, on whom they can make no impreſſion.

LV.

THE regard one ſhews œconomy, is like that we ſhew an old aunt who is to leave us ſomething at laſt. Our behaviour on this account as much conſtrained as that

" Of one well-ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
" To pleaſe his granam."

Shakeſpear.

LVI.

FASHION is a great reſtraint upon your perſons of taſte and fancy; who would otherwiſe, in the moſt trifling

triſling inſtances, be able to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar.

LVII.

A WRITER who pretends to poliſh the human underſtanding, may beg by the ſide of Rutter's chariot who ſells a powder for the teeth.

LVIII.

THE difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty, ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

LIX.

THE Proverb ought to run, "a fool and his "words are ſoon parted; a man of genius and his "money."

LX.

A MAN of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it ſomething hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, ſhould have a greater ſhare of wealth and honours; not conſidering that their own accompliſhment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reaſon that a perſon worth five thouſand pounds, ſhould on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A WIFE ought in reality to love her huſband above all the world; but this preference I think ſhould, in

point of politeneſs, be concealed. The reaſon is that it is diſguſting to ſee an amiable woman monopolized; and it is eaſy by proper management to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

THERE are ſome wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be compleated otherwiſe.

LXIII.

AMONGST all the vain-glorious profeſſors of humility, you find none that will not diſcover how much they deſire a ſhining character: and this either by ceaſing it themſelves, or ſhewing a ſatisfaction in ſuch as do. Now there is this advantage at leaſt ariſing from ambition, that it diſpoſes one to diſregard a thouſand inſtances of middling grandeur; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient diſpoſition in a country place, where one is encompaſſed with ſuch as are merely richer, keep fine horſes, a table, footmen; make a decent figure as rural eſquires; yet, after all, diſcover no more than an every-day plebeian character. Theſe a perſon of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extenſive one may, in any kind of circumſtances, diſregard.

LXIV.

LXIV.

IT is with ſome men as with ſome horſes: what is eſteemed ſpirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the ſource of that ſeeming ſpirit diſcovered by Tully in regard to his antagoniſt M. Antony. He knew he muſt deſtroy him, or be deſtroyed himſelf.

LXV.

THE ſame qualities, joined with virtue, often furniſh out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furniſh out an Highwayman; I mean courage and ſtrong paſſions. And they may both join in the ſame expreſſion, though with a meaning ſomewhat varied——

" Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
" Tollere humo."

i. e. " Be promoted or be hanged."

LXVI.

TRUE Honour is to honeſty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

MISERS, as death approaches, are heaping up a cheſt of reaſons to ſtand in more awe of him.

LXVIII.

A MAN ſooner finds out his own foibles in a ſtranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favorable enough on the ſide of learning, that if an hiſtorian mentions a good author, it does not ſeem abſurd to ſtile him a great man: Whereas the ſame phraſe would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is leſs wonderful to ſee a wretched man commence an heroe, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high-ſpirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It ſometimes operates no otherwiſe than like the "vis inertiæ;" at others it induces men to buſtle and make their part good among their ſuperiors. As Mr. Pope ſays,

> "Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their
> "crowns."

It is by no means leſs forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of thoſe with whom he cannot converſe on equal terms; it leads him into ſolitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at leaſt conceal his inferiority. It is ſullen, obſtinate, diſdainful, haughty, in no leſs a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and leſs citizen-like. Sometimes the other ſucceeds, and then it is eſteemed preferable; but in caſe it fail, it not

only expoſes a perſon's meanneſs, but his impatience under it; both of which the reſerved ſpirit is able to diſguiſe—but then it ſtands no chance of removing. "Pudor malus ulcera celat."

LXXII.

EVERY ſingle inſtance of a friend's inſincerity encreaſes our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external reſpect, when one is diſappointed of that which is internal and ſincere. This, perhaps, with decaying paſſions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

WHEN phyſicians write of diſeaſes, the prognoſticks and the diagnoſticks, the ſymptoms and the paroxyſms, they give one fatal apprehenſions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you ſeem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In ſhort, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

ONE ſhould no more truſt to the ſkill of moſt apothecaries, than one would aſk the opinion of their peſtle and mortar; yet both are uſeful in their way.

LXXV.

I BELIEVE there was never ſo reſerved a ſolitary, but felt ſome degree of pleaſure at the firſt glimpſe of

of an human figure. The ſoul, however unconſcious of it's ſocial bias in a crowd, will in ſolitude feel ſome attraction towards the firſt perſon that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is eaſy, and thoſe of the ſoul conſtrained: In the country, the geſtures of the body are conſtrained, and thoſe of the ſoul ſupine and careleſs.

LXXVII.

One may eaſily enough guard againſt ambition till five and twenty.—It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It ſhould ſeem that indolence itſelf would incline a perſon to be honeſt; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps ruſticks, boors, and eſquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landſkip.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater diſtinction than is almoſt tolerable to a Britiſh ſpirit. They almoſt vary the ſpecies; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, ſeem not ſo much the reward, as the ſubſtitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

WHAT numbers live to the age of fifty or ſixty years, yet, if eſtimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick the moment it is hatched,

LXXXII.

A LYAR begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

LXXXIII.

FOOLS are very often found united in the ſtricteſt intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the moſt cloſely glewed together.

LXXXIV.

PERSONS of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpenſe, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes, which it does not purſue.

LXXXV.

HIGH-SPIRIT in a man, is like a ſword; which, though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troubleſome in a leſs degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it ſo inoffenſively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded

loaded piſtol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A MISER, if honeſt, can be only honeſt bare-weight.

AVARICE is the moſt oppoſite of all characters to that of God Almighty; whoſe alone it is, to give and not receive.

A MISER grows rich by ſeeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by ſeeming rich.

A GRASSHOPPER is, perhaps, the beſt device for coat-armour of thoſe who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian uſe of them.

IMMODERATE aſſurance is perfect licentiouſneſs.

WHEN a perſon is ſo far engaged in a diſpute as to wiſh to get the victory, he ought ever to deſiſt. The idea of conqueſt will ſo dazzle him, that it is hardly poſſible he ſhould diſcern the truth.

I HAVE ſometimes thought the mind ſo calculated, that a ſmall degree of force may impell it to a certain pitch of pleaſure or of pain; beyond which it will not paſs, by any impetus whatſoever.

I DOUBT

I DOUBT whether it be not true, that we hate *thoſe faults* moſt in others which we are guilty of *ourſelves*.

A MAN of thorough ſenſe ſcarce admires even any one; but he muſt be an idiot, that is the admirer of a fool.

IT may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amuſement of the invidious: as a man willingly relinquiſhes his ſilver to ſave his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the ſcore of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair, than ſtabbed to the heart.

VIRTUE ſeems to be nothing more than a motion conſonant to the ſyſtem of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would repreſent a vicious man.

IT is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwiſe than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the ſtupidity of a man than of a horſe, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwiſe.

PEOPLE

PEOPLE ſay, "Do not regard what he ſays, now "he is in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he "ought to be regarded: "Aperit præcordia "Liber."

PATIENCE is the Panacea; but where does it grow, or who can ſwallow it?

WITS uniformly exclaim againſt fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themſelves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furniſhes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are ſure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured ſide.

WE ſay, he is a man of ſenſe who acknowledges the ſame truths that we do; that he is a man of taſte who allows the ſame beauties. We conſider him as a perſon of better ſenſe and finer taſte, who diſcerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourſelves: but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

WE deal out our genuine eſteem to our equals; our affection for thoſe beneath us; and a reluctant ſort of reſpect to thoſe that are above us.

GLORY relaxes often and debilitates the mind; cenſure ſtimulates and contracts—both to an extreme.

treme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

PERSONS of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, ſumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of ſervants in rich and oſtentatious liveries; and to take every public occaſion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their ſuperiority. For ſo is deference obtained from that quarter:

"Stupet in titulis & imaginibus."

ONE ſcarce ſees how it is poſſible for a country girl or a country fellow to preſerve their chaſtity. They have neither the philoſophical pleaſure of books, nor the luxurious pleaſure of a table, nor the refined amuſement of building, planting, drawing, or deſigning, to divert their imagination from an object to which they ſeem continually to ſtimulate it by provocative illuſions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almoſt peculiar to them.

I AM afraid, there are many ladies who only exchange the pleaſures of incontinence for the pleaſure they derive from cenſure. At leaſt it is no injuſtice to conclude ſo, where a perſon is extravagantly cenſorious.

PERSONS of judgment and underſtanding may be divided into two ſorts. Thoſe whoſe judgment is ſo extenſive

extenſive as to comprehend a great deal; exiſtences, ſyſtems, univerſals: but as there are ſome eyes ſo conſtituted as to take in diſtant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, ſo there are other underſtandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

THE mind is at firſt an open field without partitions or encloſures. To make it turn to moſt account, it is very proper to divide and encloſe. In other words, to ſort our obſervations.

SOME men are called ſagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench it's fiſt the moment it is born.

IT is a point of prudence, when you converſe with your inferior, to conſider yourſelf as converſing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the ſame connexion that you have with him: and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable then is a perſon's condition, when his mind can only be ſupported by flattery, and his conſtitution but by cordials! when the relief of his preſent complaint undermines it's own efficacy, yet encreaſes the occaſion for which it is uſed! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A MAN

A MAN is not eſteemed ill-natured for any exceſs of ſocial affection; or an indiſcreet profuſion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true meaſure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by ſelfiſhneſs.

IF any one's curſe can effect damnation, it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

PEOPLE of the fineſt and moſt lively genius have the greateſt ſenſibility, of conſequence the moſt lively paſſions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools diſcern the weakneſſes which they have in common with themſelves; but are not ſenſible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretenſions; of courſe, always inclined to diſpute the ſuperiority.

WIT is the refractory pupil of judgment.

VIRTUE ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte (and perhaps it is ſo more in this age, than in any preceding one) and ſhould as much avoid deceit or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as they would do puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

THINK, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your ſentiments ſhould he die during the diſpute.

THE man of a towering ambition, or a well-regulated taſte has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

REFINED ſenſe to a perſon that is to converſe alone with boors, is a manifeſt inconvenience. As Falſtaff ſays (with ſome little variation)

"Company, witty company, has been the "ruin of me."

IF envious people were univerſally to aſk themſelves, whether they would exchange their entire ſituations with the perſons envied (I mean their minds, paſſions, notions, as well as their perſons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will preſume the ſelf-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

"Quid ſtatis? nolint—atqui licet eſſe beatis."

IF this rule were applied, as it ſurely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an univerſal cure for envy:

"Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
"A Diis plura feret."—Self-denial.

A PERSON, elevated one degree above the populace, aſſumes more airs of ſuperiority than one that

is

is raiſed ten. The reaſon is ſomewhat obvious. His ſuperiority is more conteſtible.

THE character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man ſeems more eaſily attainable by a perſon of no great parts or paſſions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. 'Tis there no miſmanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the beſt he can do to render himſelf inoffenſive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the perſon who has talents for diſcourſe, and a paſſionate deſire to enliven converſation, ought to have many improprieties excuſed, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country eſquire, who, through zeal to ſerve her with a glaſs of claret, ſhould involve his ſpurs in her Bruſſels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in ſome ſenſe uſe the words of Horace

" Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo &
" ——omnis in hoc ſum")

would be entitled to no pardon for ſuch unaccountable miſconduct.

MAN, in general, may be conſidered as a mechanic, and the formation of happineſs as his buſineſs or employment: Virtue, his repoſitory or collection of

 inſtruments;

inſtruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: In proportion as the workmen, the inſtruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

THE ſilly cenſorious are the very "fel naturæ," "the moſt bitter of all bitter things;" from the hyſſop that grows upon the wall, to the ſatyriſt that piſſes againſt it.

I HAVE known a ſenſible man of opinion that one ſhould not be ſolicitous about a wife's underſtanding. A woman's ſenſe was with him a phraſe to expreſs a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a huſband's happineſs. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our ſex, ſo fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If ſo, after honeſty of heart, what is there we ſhould ſo much require? A wife's beauty will ſoon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality firſt, or in our own opinion. Either of theſe is ſufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to ſeek for ſomething that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's ſhape when her perſon palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid faireſt for this, which have as many ſhapes, as there can happen occaſions to exert them. Good-nature, I always ſuppoſe. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preſerve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I HAVE

I HAVE known ſome attornies of reputable families, and whoſe original diſpoſitions ſeemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I ſcarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the chriſtian, and even the man, was not ſwallowed up in the lawyer: They are not only the greateſt tyrants, but the greateſt pedants, of all mankind.

RECONCILIATION is the tendereſt part either of friendſhip or of love; the latter more eſpecially, in which the ſoul is more remarkably ſoftened. Were a perſon to make uſe of art in procuring the affection of his miſtreſs, it were, perhaps, his moſt effectual method to contrive a ſlight eſtrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The ſoul here diſcovers a kind of elaſticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

VIRTUE may be conſidered as the only means of diſpenſing happineſs in proper portions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has ſufficient pleaſure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to ſay, Would you die? Take away firſt, the hope of better ſcenes in this life, the fears of worſe in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

THE fear of death ſeems as natural, as the ſenſation of luſt or of hunger: the firſt and laſt, for the preſervation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the ſpecies.

IT ſeems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happineſs and perfection of the ſyſtem he created. To effect the happineſs of the whole, ſelf-love, in it's degree, is as requiſite as ſocial; for I am myſelf a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of aſcertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of ſelf-love and ſocial. "Proximus ſum egomet mihi."—"Tunica pallio propior."—"Charity begins at "home." It is ſo. It ought to be ſo; nor is there any inconvenience ariſes to the publick, becauſe it is general. Were this away, the individual muſt ſoon periſh, and conſequently the whole body. A man has every moment occaſion to exert his ſelf-love for the ſake of ſelf preſervation; conſequently this ought to be ſtronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A centinel's attention ſhould be greater than that of a ſoldier on a review.

THE ſocial, though alike conſtant, is not equally intenſe; becauſe the ſelfiſh, being univerſal, renders the ſocial leſs eſſential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In ſhort, the ſelf-love and the ſocial ought to bear ſuch proportion as we find they generally.

rally do. If the ſelfiſh paſſion of the reſt preponderate, it would be ſelf-deſtructive in a few individuals to be over-ſocially diſpoſed. If the ſocial one prevails generally, to be of remarkable ſelfiſhneſs muſt obſtruct the good of ſociety.

MANY feel a ſuperflous uneaſineſs for want of due attention to the following truth.

WE are oftentimes in ſuſpenſe betwixt the choice of different purſuits. We chuſe one at laſt doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the ſcheme, which we have choſen, anſwer our expectation but indifferently — Moſt worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happineſs in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneaſineſs. We might at leaſt eſcape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable, we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable, we had not been leſs ſo, had we made a different deciſion. This, however, relates to ſchemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

HAPPY dogs (ſays a certain ſplenetic) our footmen and the populace! Farewel, ſays Eſop, in Vanbrugh, whom I both envy and deſpiſe! The ſervant meets with hundreds whoſe converſation can amuſe him, for one that is the leaſt qualified to be a companion for his maſter.

"A PERSON cannot eat his cake and have it," is, as Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, a proper anſwer to many ſplenetic people *. But what imports it to be in the poſſeſſion of a cake that you do not eat? If then the cake be made to be eaten, ſays lady L——, better eat it when you are moſt hungry. Poor woman! ſhe ſeems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake ſhe had eaten.

YOU ſhould calculate your appearance for the place where you reſide. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than His honor Mr. Such-a-one.

THE moſt conſummate ſelfiſhneſs would incline a perſon at his death, to diſpoſe of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may ſecure an intereſt in the world to which he is going.

A JUSTICE and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the compariſon. The principal part of the ſimilitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that the juſtice is as much dependent on

* Complainants,

on his clerk for ſuperior inſight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a ſtring. Add to this, that the offer of a cruſt will reduce the conductors of either to drag their maſters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different perſons, under the ſame circumſtances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had ſo contrived as to reduce their finances to a ſingle ſix-pence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black-ſhoe-boy, who wiſhed his honor a thouſand bleſſings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an inſtance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curſe him to his face.

A GLASS or two of wine extraordinary only raiſes a valetudinarian to that warmth of ſocial affection, which had naturally been his lot, in a better ſtate of health.

DEFERENCE is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

BE cautious not to conſider a perſon as your ſuperior, merely becauſe he is your ſuperior in the point of aſſurance. This has often depreſſed the ſpirit of a perſon of deſert and diffidence.

A PRO-

A PROPER aſſurance, and competent fortune, are eſſential to liberty.

TASTE is purſued at a leſs expence than faſhion.

OUR time in towns ſeems ſhort to paſs, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverſe.

DEFERENCE, before company, is the genteeleſt kind of flattery. The flattery of epiſtles affects one leſs, as they cannot be ſhewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is groſs. In ſhort applauſe is of too coarſe a nature to be ſwallowed in the groſs—though the extract or tincture be ever ſo agreeable.

WHEN a perſon, for a ſplendid ſervitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement. if you pleaſe: but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay.

THOUGH punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendſhip of ſome perſons that regard them—Indeed it is almoſt an univerſal practice to rail at punctilio; and it ſeems in ſome meaſure a conſequence of our attachment to French faſhions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never cauſed half the quarrels, that have ri-

riſen from the freedom of behaviour, which is it's oppoſite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the uſe of ceremony would be ſuperfluous: But as the caſe is, it at leaſt fixes ſome bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

THERE ſeem near as many people that want paſſion as want reaſon.

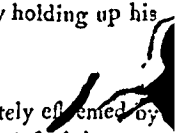
THE world would be more happy, if perſons gave up more time to an intercourſe of friendſhip. But money engroſſes all our deference; and we ſcarce enjoy a ſocial hour, becauſe we think it unjuſtly ſtolen from the main buſineſs of our lives.

THE ſtate of man is not unlike that of a fiſh hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and ſport, and vary our ſituation: But when we would extend our ſchemes, we diſcover our confinement, checked and limited by a ſuperior hand, who drags us from our element, whenſoever he pleaſes.

THE vulgar trace your faults; thoſe you have in common with themſelves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretenſions.

A PER-

A PERSON is ſomething taller by holding up his head.



A MAN of ſenſe can be adequately eſteemed by none other than a man of ſenſe: A fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project on a winter's night; and obſerve the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at reſt in their beds. Some of them, ſays W——, as wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary!

IT is generally a principle of indolence that makes one ſo diſguſted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of ſtanding centinels, in our own defence.

To behave with complaiſance, where one forſees one muſt needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

SOME perſons may with juſtice boaſt, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: And that their preſent knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the ſmaller ones it encloſes.

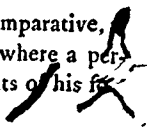
IT is poſſible to diſcover in ſome faces the features nature intended, had ſhe not been ſome-how thwarted in her operations. Is it not eaſy to remark the ſame diſtortion in ſome minds? There is a phraſe pretty frequent amongſt the vulgar, and which they apply to abſolute fools—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles.—With me, it is a moſt expreſſive idiom to deſcribe a diſlocated underſtanding: an underſtanding, for inſtance, which, like a watch, diſcovers a multitude of ſuch parts, as appear obviouſly intended to belong to a ſyſtem of the greateſt perfection; yet which, by ſome unlucky jumble, falls infinitely ſhort of it.

Is it not the wound our pride ſuſtains by being deceived, that makes us more averſe to hypocrites, than to the moſt audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it ſeems as much a piece of juſtice to commend a man for talking more honeſtly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more diſhoneſtly than he talks. The ſum of the whole, however, is that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A FOOL can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor walk; nor, in ſhort, laugh, nor cry, nor take ſnuff, like a man of ſenſe. How obvious the diſtinction!

INDE-

INDEPENDENCY may be found in comparative, as well as abſolute, abundance: I mean where a perſon contracts his deſires within the limits of his fortune.



THERE are very few perſons who do not loſe ſomething of their eſteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

THE ſilly excuſe that is often drawn from want of time to correſpond, becomes no one beſide a cobler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end.

ONE, perhaps, ought to make funerals as ſumptuous as poſſible, or as private: either by obſcurity to elude, or by ſplendour to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of our humanity.

IT happens, a little unluckily, that the perſons who have the moſt intimate contempt of money are the ſame that have the ſtrongeſt appetites for the pleaſures it procures.

WE are apt to look for thoſe virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some ſhining exceptions may be made to this rule:

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In general we may conſider their appearance with us in publick, as one does our wearing apparel. "Which lord do you wear to-day? Why I did "think to wear my lord ****; but, as there will "be little company in the Mall, I will e'en con- "tent myſelf to wear the ſame noble peer I wore "yeſterday."

THE worſt inconvenience of a ſmall fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of moſt men's yearly accounts, and a ſum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

IT is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can ſee objects at a greater diſtance more diſtinctly, at the ſame time leſs diſtinctly than others the objects that are near them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the airs men give themſelves, I believe no one ſees family to more advantage, than the perſons that have no ſhare in it.

HOW important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! the chief index of temper, underſtanding, health, and love! What prodigious influence muſt the ſame misfortunes have on ſome perſons beyond others! as the loſs of an eye to a mere inſolent beauty, without the leaſt philoſophy to ſupport herſelf!

THE

THE perſon leaſt reſerved in his cenſure of another's exceſs in equipage, is commonly the perſon who would exhibit the ſame if it had been within his power; the ſource of both being a diſregard to decorum. Likewiſe he that violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree in conſidering it a little too ſeriouſly.

AMID the moſt mercenary ages, it is but a ſecondary ſort of admiration that is beſtowed upon magnificence.

AN order of beauties, as of knights, with a ſtyle appropriated to them (as for inſtance, To the Right Beautiful Lady- Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other claſs, but would, at the ſame time, be the moſt invidious of any order that was ever inſtituted.

THE firſt maxim a child is taught, is that

"Learning is better than houſe and land;"

but how little is it's influence as he grows up to maturity!

THERE is ſomewhat very aſtoniſhing in the record of our moſt celebrated victories: I mean, the ſmall number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is ſaid, were

fro

ten thouſand, and fourteen thouſand maſſacred. Livy's accounts of this ſort are ſo aſtoniſhing, that one is apt to diſbelieve the hiſtorian—All the explanation one can find, is, that the groſs ſlaughter is made when one ſide takes to flight.

A PERSON that is diſpoſed to throw off all reſerve before an inferior, ſhould reflect, that he has alſo his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

IT is impoſſible for a man of ſenſe to guard againſt the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; becauſe he cannot foreſee them. A wit would cannot afford to diſcard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon ſuch hints as muſt diſcompoſe you.

A MAN that is ſollicitous about his health, or apprehenſive of ſome acute diſorder, ſhould write a journal of his conſtitution, for the better inſtruction of his phyſician.

GHOSTS have no more connexion with darkneſs, than the myſtery of a barber with that of a ſurgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, becauſe he has kept her company long after his affection is eſtranged. Does he not rather encreaſe the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worſt of all thoughts. Firſt and third very often coincide. Indeed ſecond thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of ſhewing penetration, of diſtinguiſhing ourſelves from the mob, and have conſequently leſs of ſimplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taſte and fancy. Third thoughts, at leaſt, are here very proper mediators.

Set a beggar on horſe-back, and he'll ride," is a common proverb and a real truth. The "novus homo" is an "inexpertus homo," and conſequently muſt purchaſe ſinery, before he knows the emptineſs of it experimentally. The eſtabliſhed gentleman diſregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verſes, when a perſon is ill and indiſpoſed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and diſtinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, leſs weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or ſiniſter

the

the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length diſcovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preſerve the diſtinction, and is poor. France (by their diſpute about trading nobility) ſeems inclined to ſhake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is ſure to purchaſe diſtinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleaſes. It is ſo; perhaps it ought to be ſo. All honors ſhould lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: And as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, ſo that they, in return, ſhould obtain a ſhare in the others honours. One would, however, wiſh the acquiſition of learning was as ſure a road to dignity, as that of riches.

ON BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often aſſerted, by pretenders to ſingular penetration, that the aſſiſtance fancy is ſuppoſed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical: that all which the poets have urged on this head, is abſolute rant and enthuſiaſm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwiſe. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the nobleſt cordial. But perſons of a phlegmatic conſtitution have thoſe excellencies often ſuppreſſed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reaſon of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raiſes low ſpirits to a pitch neceſſary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the "Non eſt tanti," ſo frequently a maxim with ſpeculative perſons. It quickens that ambition, or that ſocial biaſs, which makes a perſon wiſh to ſhine, or to pleaſe. Aſk what tradition ſays of Mr. Addiſon's converſation. But inſtances in point of converſation come within every one's obſervance. Why then may it not be allowed to produce the ſame effects in writing?

THE affected phraſes I hate moſt, are thoſe on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as "Pretty trifler,—Fair plaintiff, Lovely archi-"tect," &c.

DOCTOR Young has a ſurpriſing knack of bringing thoughts from a diſtance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

THERE is nothing ſo diſagreeable in works of humour as an inſipid, unſupported, vivacity; the very huſks of drollery; bottled ſmall-beer; a man out-riding his horſe; lewdneſs and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatick ſcene; an illiterate and ſtupid preacher diſcourſing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit cuſhion in ſuch a manner, as though he would make the duſt and the truth fly out of it at once.

AN editor, or a tranſlator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, beſtows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demoſthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the ſublimity of Homer, the majeſty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal with every name of note he can poſſibly recall to mind, are given to ſome antient ſcribler, in whom

affectation and the love of novelty diſpoſes him to find out beauties.

HUMOUR and Vanbrugh againſt wit and Congreve.

THE vacant ſcull of a pedant generally furniſhes out a throne and temple for vanity.

MAY not the cuſtom of ſcraping when we bow, be derived from the antient cuſtom of throwing their ſhoes backwards, off their feet?

"A BIRD in the air ſhall carry the tale, and that "which hath wings ſhall tell the matter." Such is alſo the preſent phraſe—"A little bird told it me"—ſays nurſe——

THE preference which ſome give to Virgil before Homer is often owing to complexion: ſome are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and ſublimity, the moſt ſhining qualities of imagination, there is ſurely no compariſon between them.—Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

AGREEABLE ideas riſe, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

ONE

ONE reaſon why the ſound is ſometimes an echo to the ſenſe, is that the pleaſanteſt objects have often the moſt harmonious names annexed to them.

A MAN of a merely argumentative caſt will read poetry as proſe; will only regard the quantum it contains of ſolid reaſoning: juſt as a clown attacks a deſert, conſidering it as ſo much victuals, and regardleſs of thoſe lively or emblematical decorations, which the cook, for many ſleepleſs nights, has endeavoured to beſtow upon it.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that Rouſſeau has advanced ſo very ingeniouſly upon plays and players, their profeſſion is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whoſe means are pleaſure, and whoſe end is virtue. They both alike, for a ſubſiſtence, ſubmit themſelves to public opinion: and the diſhonor that has attended the laſt profeſſion, ſeems not eaſily accountable.

As there are evidently words in Engliſh poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inſerted, have no ſmall beauty on that account, it ſeems abſurd to contract, or print them otherwiſe than at length.

"The looſe wall tottering o'er the trembling
"ſhade."

Ogilvy's Day of Judgment.

"Trembling" has alſo the force of a dactyle in a leſs degree—but cannot be written otherwiſe.

I HAVE ſometimes thought Virgil ſo remarkably muſical, that were his lines read to a muſician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a perſon of capacity to give each word it's proper accent, he would not fail to diſtinguiſh in it all the graces of harmony.

I THINK, I can obſerve a peculiar beauty in the addition of a ſhort ſyllable, at the end of a blank verſe: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as ſure to flatten; which may be diſcerned in Prior's tranſlation of Callimachus, viz.—"the holy victĭm—Dictæan, hearſt thŏu—Birth, Great Rheă—Inferior Reptĭle—" &c. for the tranſlation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means proſaic.

THE caſe is only, proſe being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it ſhould be lifted ſome degrees higher.

BUT in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the leaſt out of ſight; and eſpecially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this ſyllable occaſions,

ſions. Let me produce a few inſtances from Otway's Tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader ſubſtitute a word of equal import, but of a ſyllable leſs, in the place of the inſtances I produce (ſome inſtances are numberleſs, where they familarize and give an eaſe to dialogue.)

—— "Sure my ill fate's upon mĕ"

—" Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
" With my poor parents, and at reſt as they are?"
—" I never ſee you now—you have been kindĕr."

—" Why was I made with all my ſex's ſoftnĕſs,
" Yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?
" I'll ſee Caſtalio—tax him with his falſhood."

—— " Should you charge rough,
" I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing."

—" When thou art from me, every place is deſĕrt."

——" Surely Paradiſe is round me,
" And every ſenſe is full of thy perfection.
" To hear thee ſpeak might calm a madman's frenzy.
" 'Till by attention, he forgot his ſorrows."

—" 'Till

— "'Till good men wiſh him dead—or I offend
"him."

— "And hang upon you, like a drowning crea-
"ture."

— "Cropt this fair roſe, and rifled all its ſweet-
"neſs."

— "Give me Chamont, and let the world forſake
"mĕ."

—— "I've drank an healing draught
"For all my cares, and never more ſhall wrong
"thĕe."

— "When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgot-
"ten,
"May you be happy in a fairer bride,
"But none can ever love you, like Monimia."

I SHOULD imagine, that, in ſome or moſt of theſe examples, a particular degree of tenderneſs is owing to the ſupernumerary ſyllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the diſpoſition of it (for it muſt not be univerſal); and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural eaſe, an energy, tenderneſs, and variety to the language.

A MAN of dry ſound judgment attends to the truth of the propoſition;—a man of ear and ſenſibility to the muſic of the verſification:—A man of a well regulated taſte finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

IT ſeems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parentheſes in writing) might be generally avoided, without injuring the thread of a diſcourſe. It is true, it might require ſome addreſs to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more ageeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by ſuch frequent avocations? How much more graceful to play a tune upon one ſett of keys, with varied ſtops, than to ſeek the ſame variety, by an awkward motion from one ſett to another?

IT bears a little hard upon our candour, that "to "take to pieces" in our language ſignifies the ſame as "to expoſe;" and "to expoſe" has a ſignification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

THE ordinary letters from friend to friend ſeem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or profeſſions of friendſhip

friendſhip continually repeated. The eſtabliſhed maxim to correſpond with eaſe, has almoſt excluded every uſeful ſubject. But may not exceſs of negligence diſcover affectation, as well as it's oppoſite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate ſolidity betwixt a Weſtphalia ham and a whip ſyllabub.

I AM aſtoniſhed to remark the defect of ear, which ſome tolerable harmonious poets diſcover in their Alexandrines. It ſeems wonderful that an error ſo obvious, and ſo very diſguſtful to a nice ear, ſhould occur ſo frequently as the following:

"What ſeraph e'er could preach
"So choice a lecture as his wond'rous virtue's
"lore?"

The pauſe being after the ſixth ſyllable, it is plain the whole emphaſis of pronuntiation is thrown upon the particle AS. It ſeems moſt amazing to me, that this ſhould be ſo common a blunder.

"SIMPLEX munditiis" has been eſteemed univerſally to be a phraſe at once very expreſſive, and of very difficult interpretation: at leaſt, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that ſingle word "ele-"gant," which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one ſide, as much as it does dirt and ruſticity on the other?

THE

THE French uſe the word "naive" in ſuch a ſenſe as to be explained by no Engliſh word; unleſs we will ſubmit to reſtrain ourſelves in the application of the word "ſentimental." It means the language of paſſion or the heart, in oppoſition to the language of reflexion and the head.

THE moſt frequent miſtake that is made, ſeems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happineſs, and thus learning for ſenſe. The former of theſe is hourly obſervable: And as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and ſurprizing inſtances.

IT is with real concern, that I obſerve many perſons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a ſingle ſpark of it. Nor is it uncommon to ſee an author tranſlate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better: but the tranſlation favours more of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhibit more.

LEARNING, like money, may be of ſo baſe a coin, as to be utterly void of uſe; or, if ſterling, may require good management, to make it ſerve the purpoſes of ſenſe or happineſs.

WHEN

WHEN a nobleman has once conferred any great favor on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to conſider, that his requeſts, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands; and to propoſe matters with the utmoſt tenderneſs. The perſon whom he obliges has otherwiſe loſt his freedom:

"Hâc ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno:
"Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium; nec
"Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto."

THE amiable and the ſevere, Mr. Burke's ſublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the paſſions of love or fear. The beſt punch depends on a proper mixture of ſugar and lemon.

ON

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many perſons acquire to themſelves a character of inſincerity, from what is in truth mere inconſtancy. And there are perſons of warm, but changeable paſſions; perhaps the ſincereſt of any in the very inſtant they make profeſſion, but the very leaſt to be depended on through the ſhort duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to aſcertain the character of lady Luxborough *; yet whatever were her principles, I eſteem lord Bolingbroke's to have been the ſame. She ſeemed in all reſpects the female lord Bolingbroke.

THE principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honeſty and honor, ſeems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

IT is the greateſt comfort to the poor, whoſe ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich muſt die as well as themſelves.

* Siſter to lord Bolingbroke: with her the author had cultivated a literary correſpondence.

THE

THE common people call wit, mirth; and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they uſe indiſcriminately. It ſeems to flow from hence, that they conſider money as of more importance, than the perſons who poſſeſs it; and that no conduct is wiſe, beſide what has a tendency to enrich us.

ONE ſhould not deſtroy an inſect, one ſhould not quarrel with a dog, without a reaſon ſufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

THE trouble occaſioned by want of a ſervant, is ſo much leſs than the plague of a bad one, as it is leſs painful to clean a pair of ſhoes than undergo an exceſs of anger.

THE fund of ſenſible diſcourſe is limited; that of jeſt and badinerie is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery.

WHEN a wife or miſtreſs lives as in a jail, the perſon that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

THERE ſeems ſome analogy betwixt a perſon's manner in every action of his life.

LADY Luxborough's hand-writing was, at the time, delicate and maſculine. Her features, her air, her

her underſtanding, her motions, and her ſentiments, were the ſame. Mr. W———, in the ſame reſpects, delicate, but not maſculine. Mr. G——— rather more delicate than maſculine. Mr. J——— rather more maſculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three laſt, extends to their drawing, claſſification, &c. &c. &c.

RICHES deſerve the attention of young perſons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwiſe.

To conſume one's time and fortune at once, without pleaſure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's ſpirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

PARENTS are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or leſs fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a ſymptom leſs expreſſive of future judgment and ſolidity. It ſeems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but alſo delicacy of ſentiment. Neither does it ſeem any way conſiſtent with a ſenſibility of pleaſure, notwithſtanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all ſorts of pleaſure; but does not allow itſelf time to be ſucceſsful in ſecuring any. It is a buſy bee, whoſe whole time

paſſes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without reſting upon any a ſufficient time to gather honey.

THE queen of Sweden declared, "ſhe did not "love men as men; but merely becauſe they were "not women." What a ſpirited piece of ſatyr!

IN mixed converſation, or amongſt perſons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's ſelf in diſcourſe that is neither ingenious nor ſignificant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat ſerves to paſs away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted ſtrength, ſpirit, and flavour.

THE making preſents to a lady one addreſſes, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a reſolution to recover it.

HE that lies a-bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

SPLEEN is often little elſe than obſtructed perſpiration.

THE regard, men externally profeſs for their ſuperiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deſerves.

METHINKS,

METHINKS, all men ſhould meet with a reſpect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

SHINING characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of a ruby.

MANKIND ſuffers more by the conflict of contrary paſſions, than that of paſſion and reaſon: yet, perhaps, the trueſt way to quench one paſſion is to kindle up another.

PRUDENT men ſhould lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

THE country eſquire limits his ambition to a preeminence in the knowledge of horſes; that is, of an animal that may convey him with credit, eaſe, and ſafety, the little journeys he has to go. The philoſopher directs his ambition to ſome well-grounded ſcience, which may, with the ſame eaſe, credit, and ſafety, tranſport him through every ſtage of being; ſo that he may not be overthrown by paſſion, nor trailed inſipidly along by apathy.

TOM Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing ſatisfied with the inconſiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

THE beſt time to frame an anſwer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendſhip, and the intelligence received, moſt forcibly co-operate.

THE philoſophers and antient ſages, who declaimed againſt the vanity of all external advantages, ſeem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

SUPERIORITY in wit is more frequently the cauſe of vanity than ſuperiority of judgment; as the perſon that wears an ornamental ſword, is ever more vain than he that wears an uſeful one.

THE perſon who has a ſuperiority in wit is enabled, by the means of it, to ſee his ſuperiority: Hence a deference expected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this that wit, conſidered as fancy, renders all the paſſions more ſenſible; the love of fame more remarkably ſo; and you have ſome ſort of reaſon for the revenge taken by wits upon thoſe who neglect them.

IN the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance,

quaintance, it is needleſs, and perhaps impertinent.

WHEN I have purchaſed aught by way of mere amuſement, your reflexion upon the coſt not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it ſo.

'HAD I the money thoſe paintings coſt,' ſays Torper, 'methinks I would have diſcovered ſome 'better method of diſpoſing of it.' "And in what "would you have expended it?" 'I would buy 'ſome fine horſes.' "But you have already what "anſwer your purpoſe!" 'Yes, but I have a 'particular fancy for a fine horſe.' "And have "not I, who bought theſe pictures, the ſame argu-"ment on my ſide?" The truth is, he who extols his own amuſements, and condemns another perſon's, unleſs he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himſelf at a loſs for an argument.

PEOPLE of real genius have ſtrong paſſions; people of ſtrong paſſions have great partialities; ſuch as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Perſons of ſlow parts have languid paſſions, and perſons of languid paſſions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a man of ſenſe. The faults of the former ſhould

be balanced with their excellencies; and the blameleſſneſs of the latter ſhould be weighed with their inſignificancy. Happineſs and virtue are, perhaps, generally diſpenſed with more equality than we are aware.

EXTREME volatile and ſprightly tempers ſeem inconſiſtent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time waſted in the mere tranſition from one object to another. No room for thoſe deep impreſſions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requiſite to any ſtrong ſenſation, either of pleaſure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the ſpider to gather poiſon, muſt abide ſome time upon the weed or flower. They whoſe fluids are mere ſal volatile, ſeem rather chearful than happy men. The temper above deſcribed is oftener the lot of wits, than of perſons of great abilities.

There are no perſons more ſolicitous about the preſervation of rank, than thoſe who have no rank at all. Obſerve the humours of a country chriſtening; and you will find no court in Chriſtendom ſo ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.

CRITICKS will ſometimes prefer the faulty ſtate of a compoſition to the improved one, through mere perverſeneſs: In like manner, ſome will extol a perſon's paſt conduct, to depreciate his preſent. Theſe are ſome of the numerous ſhifts and machinations of envy.

TREIS

TREES afford us the advantage of ſhade in ſummer, as well as fuel in winter; as the ſame virtue allays the fervor of intemperate paſſions in our youth, and ſerves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

THE term Indeciſion, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of Irreſolution: yet it has a tendency to produce it; and, like that, has often it's original in exceſſive delicacy and refinement.

PERSONS of proud yet abject ſpirits will deſpiſe you for thoſe diſtreſſes, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you; a hint, to whom only you ſhould diſcloſe, and from whom you ſhould conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from perſons of an oppoſite party.

THE ſacrificing of our anger to our intereſt is oftentimes no more, than the exchange of a painful paſſion for a pleaſurable.

THERE are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the ſame time, alſo deſpiſe; a reaſon that you ſhould be cautious to whom and where you complain. The fartheſt a prudent man ſhould proceed in gene-

ral, is to laugh at ſome of his own foibles: when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminacy of appearance, and an exceſſive attention to the minuter parts of dreſs, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, eſteemed a ſymptom of irreſolution. But, yet, inſtances are ſeen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an inſtance equal to a thouſand. A ſnuff-box hinge, rendered inviſible, was an object on which his happineſs appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a ſpeck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his ſtocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was ſhewn beyond all contradiction. What ſhall we ſay then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet poſſeſſed of a poetical vein fraught with the nobleſt and ſublimeſt images, and of a mind remarkably well ſtored with the more maſculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we muſt remain in ſuſpence—For though taſte does not imply manners, ſo neither does it preclude them: or what hinders, that a man ſhould feel that ſame delicacy in regard to real honor, which he does in regard to dreſs?

If beneficence be not in a perſon's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever ſo much in his power? And yet we ſee how much more regard is generally

generally paid to a worthleſs man of fortune, than to the moſt benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual bleſſing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's theſis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the moſt beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A PERSON that is not merely ſtupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute paſſions, or the ſlow—The principle of revenge is meant for the ſecurity of the individual; and ſuppoſing a perſon has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly ſtrives to make himſelf remarkable for the perſeverance of his reſentment. Both theſe have the ſame motive to impreſs a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though the world be more inclined to favor the raſh than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to ſay which of the two has given riſe to more diſmal conſequences—The reaſon of this partiality may be deduced from the ſame original, as the preference that is given to down-right impudence before hypocriſy. To be cheated into an ill-placed eſteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, diſcovers a contempt for our underſtanding, and leſſens the idea we entertain of it ourſelves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undiſguiſed impudence.

KING James the Firſt, willing to involve the regal power in myſtery, that, like natural objects, it might

appear

appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a ſubject to ſay, "what a king might "do in the fullneſs of his power."—This was abſurd; but it ſeems preſumption in a man of the world, to ſay what means a man of genius may think inſtrumental to his happineſs. W—— uſed to ſay, it was preſumption for him to make conjectures on the occaſion. A perſon of refinement ſeems to have his pleaſures diſtinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world eſteems frivolous, ſeems eſſential to his tranquillity.

THE apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and ſometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in ſome meaſure diſſipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a ſort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the great ſolemnity of the hearſe, plumes, and eſcutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminiſh that of ſimple grief.

THERE are ſome people whom you cannot regard, though they ſeem deſirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual ſervices. This is the caſe wherever their ſentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a perſon truly avaricious can never make himſelf truly agreeable to one

None enamoured with the arts and ſciences. A perſon of exquiſite ſenſibility and tenderneſs can never be truly pleaſed with another of no feelings; who can ſee the moſt intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. Theſe, properly ſpeaking, can be ſaid to feel nothing but the point of a ſword; and one could more eaſily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philoſophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one ſhould never attempt any cloſe connexion:

"Lupis & agnis quanta ſortito obtigit,
"Tecum mihi diſcordia eſt."

Yet it may be a point of prudence to ſhew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propenſities. To converſe much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own diſpoſition: and to aim at obtaining their applauſe, would only make your character inconſiſtent.

THERE are ſome people who find a gloomy kind of pleaſure in glouting, which could hardly be encreaſed by the ſatisfaction of having their wiſhes granted. This is, ſeemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a ſenſe of honour, of conſcious merit, with warm gratitude, great ſincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

THERE is a degree of underſtanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but abſolutely

abſolutely pleaſed.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyſs.

THE worſt conſequence of gratifying our paſſions, in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it cauſes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and ſo ad infinitum. I wiſh, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wiſhing, and partake the pleaſure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchaſe-money, for which I have leſs regard; but the gratification of this wiſh would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, adviſes to reſiſt the firſt.

VIRTUE and agreeableneſs are, I fear, too often ſeparated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting, to engage and attach one's reaſon—A moſt perplexing circumſtance; and no where more remarkable, than when we ſee a wiſe man totally enſlaved by the beauty of a perſon he deſpiſes.

I KNOW not whether encreaſing years do not cauſe one to eſteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

QUERE, whether friendſhip for the ſex do not tend to leſſen the ſenſual appetite; and vice verſa.

I THINK,

I THINK, I never knew an inſtance of great quickneſs of parts being joined with great ſolidity. The moſt rapid rivers are ſeldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

THERE are perſons who ſlide inſenſibly into an habit of contradiction. Their firſt endeavour, upon hearing aught aſſerted, is to diſcover wherein it may be plauſibly diſputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great ſagacity; and if they can mingle a jeſt with contradiction, think they diſplay great ſuperiority. One ſhould be cautious againſt the advances of this kind of propenſity, which loſes us friends, in a matter generally of no conſequence.

THE ſolicitude of peers to preſerve, or to exalt, their rank, is eſteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the ſame ſubject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

AN income for life only ſeems the beſt calculated for the circumſtances and ſituation of mortal man: the farther property in an eſtate encreaſes the difficulty of diſengaging our affections from this world,

and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a ſyſtem from which we muſt be entirely ſeparated:

"I truſt that ſinking fund, my life."

POPE.

SURPRIZE quickens enjoyment, and expectation baniſhes ſurprize; this is the ſimple reaſon, why few pleaſures, that have engroſſed our attention previouſly, ever anſwer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and cauſes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object—Thus expectation does not only deſtroy the advantage of ſurprize, and ſo flattens pleaſure; but makes up hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of diſappointment.

ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we ſhould not pray to God "to "keep us ſtedfaſt in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one.

WHEN a tree is falling, I have ſeen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the ſpot where they would wiſh it ſhould lie. Divines, underſtanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interpoſition in the article of death, to regulate a perſon's everlaſting happineſs. I fancy, the alluſion will hardly countenance their preſumption.

WHEN misfortunes happen to ſuch as diſſent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: when to thoſe of our own ſect, we call them tryals: when to perſons neither way diſtinguiſhed, we are content to impute them to the ſettled courſe of things.

IN regard to church-muſick, if a man cannot be ſaid to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why ſhould he be eſteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ?—In anſwer to this it may be ſaid, that if ſuch an elevation of the ſpirits be

not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good conſequences; as it leaves a good impreſſion upon the mind, favorable to virtue and a religious life.

THE rich man, adjoining to his country-ſeat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furniſhes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never ſaid. The poor man kneels by his bed-ſide, and goes to Heaven before him.

I SHOULD think, a clergyman might diſtinguiſh himſelf by compoſing a ſet of ſermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in claſſic writers, introducing the ornamental flouriſhes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. AGAINST family-pride, might be taken from Juvenal's "Stemmata quid faciunt," Horace's "Non quia Mæcenas", and Marius's ſpeech in Salluſt. The text "Is not this Joſeph the carpenter's ſon?"

2. A SERMON upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embelliſhed from the claſſicks, and would be both grateful and ſerviceable to the common people: as the chief paſſion from which they ſuffer is envy, I believe, miſplaced.

3. ANO-

3. Another might be calculated for each ſeaſon of the year; illuſtrating the wiſdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence—How idle to forego ſuch fair and peaceable ſubjects, for the ſake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predeſtination and election; ſolving the revelations; or aſcertaining the preciſe nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongſt divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has ſuch conſequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but ſeems an argument of a ſubordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of ſhort duration. Is it not a ſtronger perſuaſive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it ſmooths the pillow of a deathbed?

It is a queſtion whether the remaining ſuperſtitions among the vulgar of the Engliſh nation ought wholly to be removed: The notion of a ghoſt's appearance for the diſcovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injuſtice; "that what is got over the "devil's back will be ſpent under his belly;" "that cards are the devil's books," &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their ſpecies; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human ſacrifices; to leave their parents in deſerts of wild beaſts; to expoſe their offſpring as ſoon as born, &c. &c. there ſhould ſeem to be no univerſal moral ſenſe; and of conſequence, none.

It is not now, "We have ſeen his ſtar in the "eaſt," but "We have ſeen the ſtar on his breaſt, "and are come to worſhip him."

It is ſaid, and I believe juſtly enough, that crimes appear leſs heinous to a perſon that is about committing them, than to his conſcience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foreſaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word "Religio" amongſt the Romans, and the word "Church" among the Chriſtians, ſeem to have more interpretations than almoſt any other. "Malus procidit, eâ religione moti."—Livy, p. 1150. vol. II. Here religion ſeems to mean prodigy—"Si quis tale ſacrum ſolenne duceret, nec "ſe ſine religione & piaculo id omittere poſſe." Livy 1157. Here it ſeemingly means impiety: "Piaculum"

"Piaculum" being ſuch an offence as required expiatory ſacrifices,

"Tantum religio potuit ſuadere malorum."

Here it means ſuperſtition, as it does often in Lucretius.

THE pope's wanton excommunications; his capricious pardon of ſins; his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, ſhew that (whatever religions may practiſe cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jeſt of God Almighty.

THE word Church has theſe different ſenſes:

1. A ſet of people ordained to aſſiſt at divine ſervice.

2. The members of a certain religious profeſſion, including clergy and laity.

3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the ſervice of God, and furniſhed with proper conveniences for thoſe who meet to worſhip him.

4. A body of people, who too frequently harraſs and infeſt the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a ſpiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praiſe to their own abilities, to attribute their ſucceſs in war to

the peculiar favor of a juſt Providence! Perhaps, this conſtruction, as it is often applied, argues more of preſumption than gratitude. In the firſt place, ſuch is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hoſtile nations may alike rely upon the juſtice of their cauſe; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itſelf diſcover. In the next, it ſhould be obſerved, that ſucceſs by no means demonſtrates juſtice. Again, we muſt not wholly forget to conſider, that ſucceſs may be no more than a means of deſtruction. And laſtly, ſuppoſing ſucceſs to be really and abſolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their deſert; and if not individuals, why muſt we then ſuppoſe it to be the uniform recompence of ſociety?

It is often given as a reaſon why it is incumbent on God Almighty's juſtice, to puniſh or reward ſocieties in this world, becauſe, hereafter, they cannot be puniſhed or rewarded, on account of their diſſolation. It is, indeed, true that human vengeance muſt act frequently in the groſs; and whenever a government declares war againſt a foreign ſociety, or finds it needful to chaſtiſe any part of it's own, muſt of neceſſity involve ſome innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear ſo evident, that an omniſcient and omnipotent Being, who knows

knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and is able to make a diſtinction in his puniſhments, will judge his unhappy creatures by theſe indiſcriminate and imperfect laws.

SOCIETIES then are to be conſidered as the caſual or arbitrary aſſortments of human inſtitution. To ſuppoſe that God Almighty will by means of puniſhments, often called judgments, deſtroy them promiſcuouſly is to ſuppoſe that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wiſdom. I mean to be underſtood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, præternatural interpoſitions of Providence. In a natural way, the conſtitution of the univerſe requires, that the good muſt often ſuffer with the bad part of ſociety. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a caſe, which may ſerve to illuſtrate the improbability.

SOCIETIES, I ſuppoſe then, are not divine, but human bundles.

IMAGINE a man to mix a large quantity of ſand and gunpowder; then parcel out the compoſition into different heaps, and apply fire to them ſeparately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means conſume, here and there, a bundle in the groſs, but

would affect that part of every portion that was combuſtible.

IT may ſpeciouſly enough be ſaid, what greater injuſtice is it to puniſh a ſociety promiſcuouſly, than to involve an innocent ſon in the puniſhment due to a ſinful father? to this I anſwer, the natural ſyſtem (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occaſions both the good and bad to ſuffer many times indiſcriminately. But they go much farther—They ſay God, as it were, interferes, in oppoſition to the ſettled courſe of things, to puniſh and include ſocieties in one promiſcuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary puniſhments diſtinct from thoſe which ſin entails upon us, he ſurely would not regulate them by mere human aſſortments, but would make the juſter diſtinction of good and evil individuals.

NEITHER do I ſee why it is ſo neceſſary, that ſocieties, either here or hereafter, ſhould be puniſhed as ſocieties. "The ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall "die."

How happy may a lord biſhop render a peaſant at the hour of death, by beſtowing on him his bleſſing, and giving him aſſurance of ſalvation? It is the ſame with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and eſtabliſhed to

their

their hearts content, becauſe they aſſent implicitly to the opnions of men who, they think, ſhould know. A perſon of diſtinguiſhed parts and learning has no ſuch advantages; friendleſs, wavering, ſolitary, and through his very ſituation, incapable of much aſſiſtance: If the ruſtic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he alſo appears to approach nearer to their happineſs.

You [illegible] for happineſs—Conſider the ſituation or diſpoſition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worſe part of the road. But in life, how hard is it, that every unhappineſs ſeems united towards the cloſe of our journey! pain, fatigue, and want of ſpirits; when ſpirits are more immediately neceſſary to our ſupport! of which nothing can ſupply the place beſide religion and philoſophy! But then the foundation muſt be laid in meditation and enquiry! at an unmoleſted ſeaſon, when our faculties are ſtrong and vigorous; or the tempeſt will moſt probably throw down the ſuperſtructure.

How is a man ſaid to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not ſizes of underſtandings adapted to the different ſorts, and as it were ſizes, of narrations?

CONSCIENCE is adſcititious; I mean, influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain teſt of truth: but at moſt times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

THE attractions of bodies and ſocial affection of minds ſeem in many reſpects analogous.

ATTRACTIONS of either kind are leſs perſpicuous, and leſs preceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminiſh their effect. Were two perſons to meet in Iſpahan, though quite ſtrangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendſhip, on the ſingle ſcore of their being Engliſhmen? would they not paſs a chearful evening together over rice and ſherbett?—In like manner, ſuppoſe two or three cotemporaries only, to meet on the ſurface of the globe, amid myriads of perſons of all other ages whatſoever, would they not diſcover a mutual tenderneſs, even though they had been enemies when living. What then remains, but that we revive the memory of ſuch relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? that we are all country-men, is a conſideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a ſmaller number alſo. That we are contemporaries, and perſons whom future hiſtory ſhall unite, who,

great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumſtance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, ſhould be brought to mind as much as poſſible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be juſt, and requiſite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

THE beſt notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the ſoul is to the body:

— "Deus eſt quodcunque vides, ubicunque "moveris."

WHAT is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whoſe very words are works; and all whoſe works are wonders!

PRAYER is not uſed to inform, for God is omniſcient: not to move compaſſion, for God is without paſſions: not to ſhew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts.—May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man though he be ſilent?

To honour God, is to conceive right notions of him, ſays ſome antient that I have forgot.

I KNOW

I KNOW not how Mr. Pope's aſſertion is conſiſtent with the ſcheme of a particular Providence:

——— "The Almighty cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws."

WHAT one underſtands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they purſue their original courſe, without deviating into ſuch eccentric motions as muſt immediately tend to the deſtruction of it. Thus a philoſopher is enabled to foretell eclipſes with preciſion; and a ſtone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes reſentment; and good office endears to us our benefactor. And it ſeems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to ſuppoſe he at firſt conſtituted a ſyſtem, that ſtood in no need either of his counter-acting or ſuſpending the firſt laws of motion.

BUT, after all, the mind remains; and we can ſhew it to be either impoſſible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occaſions a ruin to fall miraculouſly, or in direct oppoſition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres—or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whoſe center of gravity is unſupported, makes no material difference.

ON TASTE.

I BELIEVE that, generally ſpeaking, perſons eminent in one branch of taſte, have the principles of the reſt; and to try this, I have often ſolicited a ſtranger to hum a tune, and have ſeldom failed of ſucceſs. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the ſphere of taſte; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himſelf born to command a troop of horſe.

MANKIND, in general, may be divided into perſons of underſtanding and perſons of genius; each of which all admit of many ſubordinate degrees. By perſons of underſtanding, I mean perſons of ſound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentation. By perſons of genius, I would characterize thoſe in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether aſſiſted or not by cultivation.

I HAVE thought that genius and judgment may, in ſome reſpects, be repreſented by a liquid and a ſolid. The former is, generally ſpeaking, remarkable for it's ſenſibility, but then loſes it's impreſſion ſoon: the latter is leſs ſuſceptible of impreſſion but retains it longer.

DIVIDING

DIVIDING the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted:

Pedants	15
Persons of common sense	40
Wits	15
Fools	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste	10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	5

THERE is hardly any thing so uncommon, as a true native taste improved by education.

THE object of taste is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifestly a τὸ πρέπον; a "pulchrum," an "honestum," and "decorum," in moral actions; and although a man of taste that is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his sentiments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely because he is a man of virtue.

ALL beauty my be divided into absolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

IT is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of admiration,

ration, demand that of others in favor of her accompliſhments. Thoſe of grave and ſober ſenſe cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth ſupported by no criterion.

EVERY one, therefore, ought to fix ſome meaſure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the ſubject.

EVERY thing ſeems to derive it's pretenſions to beauty, on account of its color, ſmoothneſs, variety, uniformity, partial reſemblance to ſomething elſe, proportion, or ſuitableneſs to the end propoſed, ſome connexion of ideas, or a mixture of all theſe.

As to the beauty of colors, their preſent effect ſeems in proportion to their impulſe; and ſcarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colors.

RESEMBLANCES wrought by art; pictures, buſtos, ſtatues, pleaſe.

COLUMNS, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we ſuppoſe homogeneous materials; it is otherwiſe, in caſe we know that a column is made of iron.

HABIT,

HABIT, herein, ſeems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppoſe the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requiſite in point of reſpiration, would not the preſent make of mouths have ſubjected a man to the name of Bocha chica?

IT is probable, that a clown would require more color in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

WE may ſee daily the ſtrange effects of habit, in reſpect of faſhion. To what colors, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

CONCEIT is falſe taſte; and very widely different from no taſte at all.

BEAUTY of perſon ſhould, perhaps, be eſtimated according to the proportion it bears to ſuch a make and features as are moſt likely to produce the love of the oppoſite ſex. The look of dignity, the look of wiſdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, ſeem in ſome meaſure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of ſenſibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another. At leaſt, a cadaverous countenance is the moſt diſguſting in the world.

I KNOW

I KNOW not, if one reaſon of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to ſelf love. People are apt to form ſome criterion, from their own perſons, or poſſeſſions. A tall perſon approves the look of a folio or octavo: a ſquare thick-ſet man is more delighted with a quarto. This inſtance, at leaſt, may ſerve to explain what I intend.

I BELIEVE, it ſometimes happens that a perſon may have what the artiſts call an ear and an eye, without taſte: for inſtance, a man may ſometimes have a quickneſs in diſtinguiſhing the ſimilitude or difference of lines and ſounds, without any ſkill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

TASTE produces different effects upon different complexions. It conſiſts, as I have often obſerved, in the appetite and the diſcernment; then moſt properly ſo called, when they are united in equal proportions.

WHERE the diſcernment is predominant, a perſon is pleaſed with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he ſees. Where the appetite prevails, he is ſo much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifeſted. I frankly own myſelf to be of this latter

latter claſs: I love painting and ſtatuary ſo well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

THE reaſon people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the reſemblance it bears to the original, ſeems no other than that they lay ſtreſs on different features in the original; and this different ſtreſs is owing to different complexions of mind.

PEOPLE of little or no taſte commend a perſon for it's corpulency. I cannot ſee, why an excreſcence of belly, cheek, or chin, ſhould be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connexion of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

THERE ſeems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the ſenſes Some tunes, ſome taſtes, ſome viſible objects, pleaſe at firſt, and that only; others only by degrees. and then long—(Raſpberry-jelly—Green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a Baron's Robe—and a Biſhop's Lawn). Perhaps, ſome of theſe inſtances may be ill enough choſen; but the thing is true.

TUNES, with words, pleaſe me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are aſſigned.

Scotch

Scotch tunes often end high: their language does the ſame.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I preſume the moſt regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is at the ſame time the moſt healthful one: the fitteſt to perform the functions and operations of the body. If ſo, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the moſt perfect health is the moſt perfect beauty. To have recourſe to experience: the moſt ſickly and cadaverous countenance is the leaſt provocative to love; or rather the moſt inconſiſtent with it. A florid look, to appear beautiful, muſt be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

An obvious connexion may be traced betwixt moral and phyſical beauty; the love of ſymmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taſte and perfect honeſty. We may, we muſt, riſe from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: ſuch is the concluſion of Plato, and of my Lord Shafteſbury.

Wherever there is a want of taſte, we generally obſerve a love of money, and cunning: and whenever taſte prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter diſregard to money.

TASTE (or a juſt reliſh of beauty) ſeems to diſtinguiſh us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reaſon. We do not find that brutes have any ſenſation of this ſort. A bull is goaded by the love of ſex in general, without the leaſt appearance of any diſtinction in favor of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly men devoid of taſte are in a great meaſure indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and find a difference of ſex ſufficient to excite their paſſion in all its fervor. It is not thus where there is a taſte for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The perſon of a good taſte requires real beauty in the object of his paſſion; and the perſon of bad taſte requires ſomething which he ſubſtitutes in the place of beauty.

PERSONS of taſte, it has been aſſerted are alſo the beſt qualified to diſtinguiſh, and the moſt prone to admire, moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correſpond. The power of acting virtuouſly depends in great meaſure upon withſtanding a preſent, and perhaps ſenſual, gratification, for the ſake of a more diſtant and intellectual ſatisfaction. Now, as perſons of fine taſte are men of the ſtrongeſt ſenſual appetites, it happens that in balancing preſent and future, they art apt enough to allow an unreaſonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more

phlegmatic

phlegmatic character may, with no greater self-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely ſenſual indulgences; and let us conſider the man of taſte in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveneſs; in regard to charity, compaſſion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taſte the glorious triumph which it deſerves.

THERE is a kind of counter-taſte, founded on ſurprize and curioſity, which maintains a ſort of rivalſhip with the true; and may be expreſſed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondneſs of ſome perſons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-ſtopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakeſpear's own planting. It gratifies an empty curioſity. Such is the caſual reſemblance of Apollo and the nine Muſes in a piece of agate; a dog expreſſed in feathers, or a wood-cock in mohair. They ſerve to give ſurprize. But a juſt fancy will no more eſteem a picture becauſe it proves to be produced by ſhells, than a writer would prefer a pen becauſe a perſon made it with his toes. In all ſuch caſes, difficulty ſhould not be allowed to give a caſting weight; nor a needle be conſidered as a painter's inſtrument, when he is ſo much better furniſhed with a pencil *.

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; ſettled at Amſterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers inſtead of pencils.—

The

PERHAPS no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure anſwerable to the idea which poetry or hiſtory has given us of great men: a Cicero, for inſtance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The ſame, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of ſome antient buildings—And the reaſon is, that the effects of a pencil are diſtinct and limited, whereas the deſcriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indiſtinctneſs of out-line is one ſource of the ſublime.

WHAT an abſurdity is it, in framing even prints, to ſuffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; deſtroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contraſte with paintings; or to appear as diſtinct as poſſible: for which reaſon, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwiſe variegated with colors, are leſs ſuitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the beſt contraſt with color.

THE peculiar expreſſion in ſome portraits is owing to the greater or leſs manifeſtation of the ſoul in ſome of the features.

THERE

The whim took—His ſucceſs increaſed—His fingers appearing too eaſy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet.——See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

THERE is, perhaps, a ſublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, excluſive of any particular expreſſion of the ſoul; or, at leaſt, not expreſſive of any other than a tame diſpaſſionate one. We ſee often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almoſt totally unanimated by any diſcovery of the temper or underſtanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the ſtrong expreſſion of ſagacity and generoſity, concur in one face, the features are irreſiſtible.

BUT even here it is to be obſerved, that a ſort of ſympathy has a prodigious biaſs—Thus a penſive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a ſpectator of the penſive caſt; and ſo of the reſt.

THE ſoul appears to me to diſcover herſelf moſt in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth ſeems the more expreſſive of the temper, and the eye of the underſtanding.

IS a portrait, ſuppoſing it as like as can be to the perſon for whom it is drawn, a more or leſs beautiful object than the original face? I ſhould think, a perfect face muſt be much more pleaſing than any repreſentation of it; and a ſet of ugly features

much more ugly than the moſt exact reſemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of ſhades; but not equal the force of real relievo: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminiſhed; but ſurely, never can be the intereſt of good ones.

SOFTNESS of manner ſeems to be in painting, what ſmoothneſs of ſyllables is in language, affecting the ſenſe of ſight or hearing, previous to any correſpondent paſſion.

THE "theory of agreeable ſenſations" founds them upon the greateſt activity or exerciſe an object occaſions to the ſenſes, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contraſts are upon the footing of roughneſs or inequality.—Harmony or ſimilitude, on the other hand, are ſomewhat congenial to ſmoothneſs.—In other words, theſe two recommend themſelves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of reſt. A medium, therefore, may be moſt agreeable to the generality.

AN harmony in colours ſeems as requiſite, as a variety of lines ſeems neceſſary to the pleaſure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, ſhould be well varied; but yet the oppoſite ſides of any thing ſhould ſhew a balance, or an

appearance of equal quantity, if we would ſtrive to pleaſe a well-conſtituted taſte.

IT is evident enough to me, that perſons often occur, who may be ſaid to have an ear to muſick, and an eye for proportions in viſible objects, who nevertheleſs can hardly be ſaid to have a reliſh or taſte for either. I mean, that a perſon may diſtinguiſh notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a diſcerning choice to what is preferable in muſick. The ſame, in objects of ſight.

ON the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of diſcriminating thoſe notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty ſo fully depend.

WHAT is ſaid, in a treatiſe lately publiſhed, for beauty's being more common than deformity (and ſeemingly with excellent reaſon,) may be alſo ſaid for virtue's being more common than vice.

QUERE, Whether beauty do not as much require an oppoſition of lines, as it does an harmony of colors?

THE paſſion for antiquity, as ſuch, ſeems in ſome meaſure oppoſite to the taſte for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and puſillanimous diſpoſition, looking back and reſting with pleaſure

on the ſteps by which we have arrived thus far, than the bold and enterpriſing ſpirit of a genius, whoſe ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is deſcribed (on another occaſion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace:

"—hunc atque hunc ſuperare laboret.
"Inſtat equis auriga ſuos vincentibus; illum
"Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem."

AGAIN, the

"Nil actum reputans, ſi quid reſtaret agendum"

is the leaſt applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, inſtead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himſelf, perhaps, with diſcovering the very name of a firſt inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flouriſhing, to the very firſt ſource of its original deformity.

I HAVE heard it claimed by adepts in muſick, that the pleaſure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themſelves from the moſt perfect compoſition—The ſtate of the queſtion may be beſt explained by a recourſe to objects that are analogous—Is a country-fellow leſs ſtruck with beauty than a philoſopher or an anatomiſt, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the effect—They may, indeed, feel a pleaſure of another

other ſort—The faculty of reaſon may obtain ſome kind of balance, for what the more ſenſible faculty of the imagination loſes.

I AM much inclined to ſuppoſe our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit—what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have ſeen ſince we came into the world.—Our taſte for uniformity, from what we have obſerved in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beaſt, a bird, or inſect, &c.—our taſte for regularity from what is within our power to obſerve in the ſeveral perfections of the whole ſyſtem.

A LANDSKIP, for inſtance, is always irregular, and to uſe regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and diſagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almoſt oppoſite, proportions of all animals.

THERE is, I think, a beauty in ſome forms, independent of any uſe to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be reſolved into ſmoothneſs of ſurface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehenſible without much difficulty.

AS to the dignity of colors, Quere, Whether thoſe that affect the eye moſt forcibly, for inſtance, ſcarlet, may not claim the firſt place; allowing their beauty

beauty to cloy ſooneſt; and other colors, the next, according to their impulſe; allowing them to produce a more durable pleaſure?

IT may be convenient to divide beauty into the abſolute and relative. Abſolute is that above-mentioned. Relative is that by which an object pleaſes, through the relation it bears to ſome other.

OUR taſte of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This ſeems to occaſion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For inſtance, a foreign eye eſteems thoſe features and dreſſes handſome, which we think deformed.

IS it not then likely that thoſe who have ſeen moſt objects, throughout the univerſe, "cæteris pari-"bus," will be the moſt impartial judges: becauſe they will judge trueſt of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator; and is beſt.

THE beauty of moſt objects is partly of the abſolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has ſome beauty dependent on it's variety and ſmoothneſs: which I would call abſolute; it has alſo a relative beauty, dependent on its taperneſs and foliage; which, authors ſay, was firſt copied from the leaves of plants, and the ſhape of a tree.

UNIFORMITY

UNIFORMITY ſhould, perhaps, be added as another ſource of abſolute beauty (when it appears in one ſingle object.) I do not know any other reaſon, but that it renders the whole more eaſily comprehended. It ſeems that nature herſelf conſiders it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to pleaſe the ſight; which is rarely the caſe of the internal, that are not ſeen.

HUTCHINSON determines abſolute beauty to depend on this, and on variety; and ſays it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a ſquare; and a ſquare, a figure of unequal ſides: but carry variety to an extreme, and it loſes it's effect. For inſtance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loſes the uniformity of parts, and the figure is leſs pleaſing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be ſaid to be robbed of it's variety.

BUT, amidſt all theſe eulogiums of variety, it is proper to obſerve, that novelty ſometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that ſome degree of familiarity introduces a diſcovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty.—This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of ſome tunes, and the flavor of ſome diſhes. In ſhort, it requires ſome familiarity to become acquainted

acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

VARIETY, in the ſame object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the caſe in foliage, buſtos, baſſo-relievos, painting,) requires uniformity. For inſtance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal ſides; which is at once various and diſagreeable.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

THE LEASOWES,

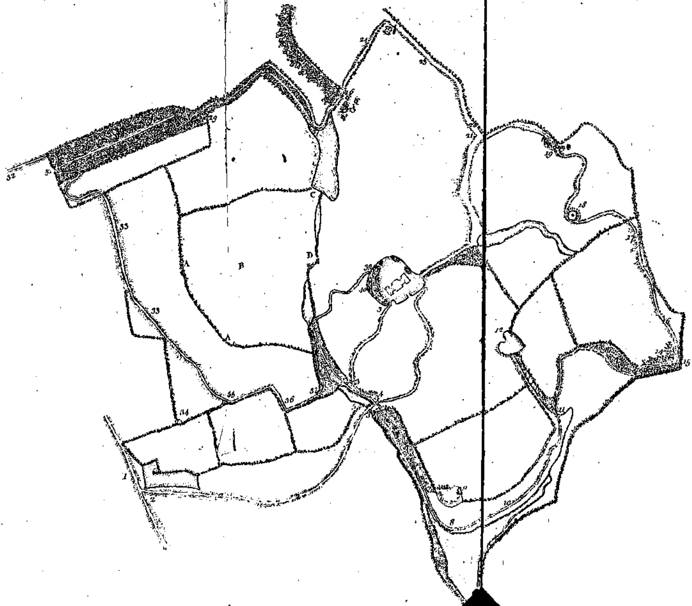
THE

SEAT

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

By R. DODSLEY.



A
B
C
D

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

THE LEASOWES*.

THE Leaſowes is ſituate in the pariſh of Hales Owen, a ſmall market town, in the county of Salop; but ſurrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewſbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropſhire. Though a paternal eſtate, it was never diſtinguiſhed for any peculiar beauties till the time of it's late owner. It was reſerved for a perſon

* The following deſcription was intended to give a friend ſome idea of the Leaſowes—which having been ſo juſtly admired by perſons of the beſt taſte, and celebrated by the Muſe of ſuch an original genius as Mr. Shenſtone; it is hoped, the public will not be diſpleaſed with this ſlight attempt to perpetuate thoſe beauties, which time, or the different taſte of ſome future poſſeſſor, may deſtroy.

perſon of his ingenuity both to diſcover and improve them; which he has done ſo effectually, that it is now conſidered as amongſt the principal of thoſe delightful ſcenes, which perſons of taſte, in the preſent age, are deſirous to ſee. Far from violating it's natural beauties, Mr. Shenſtone's only ſtudy was to give them their full effect. And although the form in which things now appear be indeed the conſequence of much thought and labor, yet the hand of art is no way viſible either in the ſhape of ground, the diſpoſition of trees, or (which are here ſo numerous and ſtriking) the romantic fall of his caſcades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular deſcription. About half a mile ſhort of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road (at N° 1.) and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where, deſcending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley finely ſhaded, the firſt object that occurs is a kind of ruinated wall, and a ſmall gate, within an arch, inſcribed, "The Priory Gate" (N° 2.) Here, it ſeems, the company ſhould properly begin their walk; but generally chuſe to go up with their horſes or equigage to the houſe (N° 2;) from whence returning, they deſcend back into the valley. Paſſing through a ſmall gate (N° 3.) at the bottom of the fine ſwelling lawn that ſurrounds the houſe, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, over-ſhadowed with trees that grow upon the

the ſlopes of this narrow dingle, render the ſcene at once cool, gloomy, ſolemn, and ſequeſtered; and form ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the lively ſcene you have juſt left, that you ſeem all on a ſudden landed in a ſubterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you paſs beſide a ſmall (N° 4) root-houſe, where on a tablet are theſe lines:

" Here in cool grot, and moſſy cell,
" We rural fays and faeries dwell;
" Tho' rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
" When the pale moon, aſcending high,
" Darts thro' yon lines her quivering beams,
" We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams.

" Her beams, reflected from the wave,
" Afford the light our revels crave;
" The turf, with daiſies broider'd o'er,
" Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
" Nor yet for artful ſtrains we call,
" But liſten to the water's fall.

" Would you then taſte our tranquil ſcene
" Be ſure your boſoms be ſerene;
" Devoid of hate, devoid of ſtrife,
" Devoid of all that poiſons life:
" And much it 'vails you in their place,
" To graft the love of human race.

" And tread with awe theſe favour'd bowers,
" Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor bruiſe the flowers;
" So may your path with ſweets abound!
" So may your couch with reſt be crown'd!
" But harm betide the wayward ſwain,
" Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!"

THESE ſentiments correſpond as well as poſſible with the ideas we form of the abode of fairies; and appearing deep in this romantic valley, ſerve to keep alive ſuch enthuſiaſtic images while this ſort of ſcene continues.

YOU now paſs through The Priory (N° 5) Gate before-mentioned, and are admitted into a part of the valley ſomewhat different from the former; tall trees, high irregular ground, and rugged ſcars. The right preſents you with, perhaps, the moſt natural, if not the moſt ſtriking, of the many caſcades here found: the left, with a ſloping grove of oaks; and the center, with a pretty circular landſkip appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen ſteeple, and other objects at a diſtance, form an intereſting part. The (N° 6) ſeat beneath the ruinated wall has theſe lines of Virgil inſcribed, ſuiting well with the general tenor of Mr. Shenſtone's late ſituation:

——— " Lucis habitamus opacis,
" Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
" Incolimus."

You now proceed a few paces down the valley to another bench, where you have this caſcade in front, which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I muſt obſerve once for all, that a number of theſe extempore benches (two ſtumps with a tranverſe board) ſeem chiefly intended as hints to ſpectators, leſt in paſſing curſorily thro' the farm they might ſuffer any of that immenſe variety the place furniſhes, to eſcape their notice. The ſtream attending us, with it's agreeable murmurs, as we deſcend along this pleaſing valley, we come next to a (N° 7) ſmall ſeat, where we have a ſloping grove upon the right, and on the left a ſtriking viſta to the ſteeple of Hales Owen, which is here ſeen in a new light. We now deſcend farther down this ſhady and ſequeſtered valley, accompanied on the right by the ſame brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties it's ſelf into a fine piece of (N° 8) water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left, conforms to the water before-mentioned; running round the foot of a ſmall hill, and accompanying this ſemi-circular lake into another winding valley, ſomewhat more open, and not leſs pleaſing than the former. However, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a ſeat about the center of this water ſcene, where the ends of this are loſt in the two valleys on each ſide; and in front it is inviſibly connected with another piece

of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr. Shenſtone, but not his property. This laſt was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fiſh-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this ſcene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground, finely held up to the eye.

I SPEAK of all this as already finiſhed; but, through ſome misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water, it is not compleated.

WE now leave the (N° 9) Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley. And here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for, although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third it ſeems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I muſt confeſs I never ſaw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleaſed me better. But it may be right to mention, that this water, in it's full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenſtone's houſe, where it is ſeen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleaſing ſerpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the ſlopes on each ſide finely covered

covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a (N° 10) common bench, which affords a retiring place ſecluded from every eye, and a ſhort reſpite, during which the eye repoſes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a (N° 11) ſeat beneath a prodigiouſly fine canopy of ſpreading oak, on the back of which is this inſcription,

" Huc ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi ſalvus et
" hœdi;
" Et ſi quid ceſſare potes, requieſce ſub umbra."

The picture before it is that of a beautiful home ſcene; a ſmall lawn of well-varied ground, encompaſſed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embelliſhed with a caſt of the piping Faunus, amid trees and ſhrubs on a ſlope upon the left; and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inſcribed:

" INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
" GVLIELMI SOMERVILLE."

And on the oppoſite ſide,

" G. S. POSVIT,
" Debitâ ſpargens lacrimâ favillam
" Vatis amici."

The ſcene is encloſed on all ſides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued and winds out of ſight.

HERE entering a (N° 11) gate, you are led through a thicket of many ſort of willows, into a large root-houſe, inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford. It ſeems, that worthy peer was preſent at the firſt opening of the caſcade (N° 12) which is the principal object from the root-houſe, where the eye is preſented with a fairy viſion, conſiſting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unuſual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; and a very ſtriking ſcene it affords. Other caſcades may poſſibly have the advantage of a greater deſcent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the ſame time ſtrictly natural, is what I never ſaw in any place whatever. This ſcene, though comparatively ſmall, is yet aggrandized with ſo much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this cloſe and overſhaded valley; and are ſo much tranſported with the intricacy of ſcene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflection, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In ſhort, it is not but upon reflection that we find the ſtream is not a Niagara, but rather a waterfall in miniature; and that the ſame artifice, upon a large ſcale, were there large trees

trees inſtead of ſmall ones, and a river inſtead of a rill, would be capable of forming a ſcene that would exceed the utmoſt of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable ſcene; thoſe who would admire it properly muſt view it, as ſurely as thoſe that view it muſt admire it beyond almoſt any thing they ever ſaw.

PROCEEDING on the right-hand path, the next ſeat affords a ſcene of what Mr. Shenſtone uſed to call his foreſt ground, conſiſting of wild green ſlopes peeping through dingle, or irregular groupes of trees, a confuſed mixture of ſavage and cultivated ground, held up to the eye, and forming a landſkip fit for the pencil of Salvator Roſa.

WINDING on beſide this lawn, which is over-arched with ſpreading trees, the eye catches at intervals, over an intermediate hill, the ſpire of Hales church, forming here a perfect Obeliſk—the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c. And now paſſing through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a (N° 13) natural bower of almoſt circular oaks, inſcribed in the manner following:

" To Mr. DODSLEY,

" Come then, my friend, thy ſylvan taſte diſplay,
" Come hear thy Faunus tune his ruſtic lay;

" Ah, rather come, and in theſe dells diſown
" The care of other ſtrains, and tune thine own."

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned ſhrubs, is a ſtatue of the piping (N° 14) fawn, which not only embelliſhes this ſcene, but is alſo ſeen from the court before the houſe, and from other places. It is ſurrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily ſituated. From this bower alſo you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground ſhut up with trees on all ſides, except ſome few openings to the more pleaſing parts of this groteſque and hilly country. The next little (N° 15) bench affords the firſt, but, not moſt ſtriking, view of the Priory: It is indeed a ſmall building; but ſeen as it is beneath trees, and it's extremity alſo hid by the ſame, it has in ſome ſort the dignity and ſolemn appearance of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a ſmall open grove, where the firſt ſeat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, of a clump of oaks at a diſtance, over-ſhadowing a little cottage upon a green hill. We thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches, in the center of which it was intended to place an antique altar, or a ſtatue of Pan. The path, ſerpentizing through this open grove, leads us by an eaſy aſcent to a (N° 16) ſmall bench with this motto,

" Me

" Me gelidum nemus
" Nympharumque leves cum ſatyris chori
" Secernant populo." HOR.

which alludes to the retired ſituation of the grove. There is alſo ſeen, through an opening to the left, a pleaſing landſkip of a diſtant hill, with a whited farm-houſe upon the ſummit; and to the right hand a beautiful round ſlope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal ſeat on it's center; to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

BUT we firſt come to another view of the Priory, more advantageous, and at a better diſtance, to which the eye is led down a green ſlope, through a ſcenery of tall oaks, in a moſt agreeable manner; the grove we have juſt paſt on one ſide, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

WE now aſcend to a (N° 17) ſmall bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open; in particular a glaſs-houſe appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the diſtance of four miles; the glaſs-houſes in this country not ill reſembling a diſtant pyramid. Aſcending to the next ſeat, which

is in the Gothick form, the ſcene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of his ſeat is the following inſcription, which the author told me that he choſe to fix here, to ſupply what he thought ſome want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the ſpectator's attention till he came to ſcale the hill beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

'SHEPHERD, would'ſt thou here obtain
'Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
'Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
'Gentle ſhepherd, lend an ear.

'Learn to reliſh calm delight,
'Verdant vales and fountains bright;
'Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
'Caves that echo tinkling rills.

'If thou can'ſt no charm diſcloſe
'In the ſimpleſt bud that blows;
'Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
'Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

'Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
'Baniſh each tumultuous joy:
'All but for love—for love inſpires
'Fonder wiſhes, warmer fires.

" Love and all it's joys be thine—
" Yet, ere thou the reins reſign,
" Hear what Reaſon ſeems to ſay,
" Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath 'em lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake.

" Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride,
" Think not ſhe, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain.

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency controul'd,
" Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

" Senſe, that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit, that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to ſigh
" If her kid or lamkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not thoſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

" See,

" See, to ſweeten thy repoſe,
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the reſt is vain;
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain:
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er:
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

And now paſſing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, diſcovering little of the country till you enter a clump of ſtately firs upon the ſummit. Overarched by theſe firs is an octagonal (N° 18) ſeat, the back of which is ſo contrived as to form a table or pedeſtal for a bowl or goblet, thus inſcribed—

" To all friends round the Wrekin!"

This facetious inſcription, being an old Shropſhire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropſhire is divided. Add to this, that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front at the diſtance of about thirty miles.

THE ſcene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into ſeveral copartments, each anſwering to the octagonal ſeat in the center, to each of which is allotted a competent number of ſtriking objects to make a complete picture. A long ſerpentine ſtream waſhes the foot of this hill, and is loſt behind trees at one end and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home ſcenes to very beautiful ones at a diſtance. It is impoſſible to give an idea of that immenſe variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a ſimple ſcene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-houſe half covered with trees upon the top of ſome wild ſloping ground; and in another view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the ſhelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to ſay, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and ſingle houſes, blue diſtant mountains that ſkirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this ſpot more than commonly ſtriking—nor is there to be ſeen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

HENCE—

HENCE the path winds on betwixt two ſmall benches, each of which exhibits a pleaſing landſkip, which cannot eſcape the eye of a connoiſſeur.

HERE we wind through a (N° 19) ſmall thicket, and ſoon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the center of which is a ſeat, from whence is diſcovered, gleaming acroſs the trees, a conſiderable length of the ſerpentine ſtream before-mentioned, running under a ſlight ruſtic bridge to the right. Hence we aſcend in a kind of Gothic (N° 20) alcove, looking down a ſlope, ſided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the ſcene. On the back of this building is found the following

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION.

" O YOU that bathe in courtly blyſſe,
" Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
" Do not too raſhly deeme amyſſe
" Of him, that bydes contented here.

" Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
" Which o'er each careleſſe lymbe he flyngs:
" Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
" In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

" Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
" Devoide of worldlye eark he ſtray:
" Or all beſide ſome flowerye lawne,
" He waſte his inoffenſive daye.

" So may he pardonne fraud and ſtrife,
" If ſuch in courtlye haunt he ſee:
" For faults there beene in buſye life,
" From whiche theſe peaceful glennes are free."

BELOW this alcove is a large ſloping lawn, finely bounded, croſſed by the ſerpentine water before-mentioned, and interſperſed with ſingle, or clumps of oaks at agreeable diſtances. Further on, the ſcene is finely varied; the hills riſing and falling towards the oppoſite

oppoſite concavities, by the ſide of a long winding vale, with the moſt graceful confuſion. Among other ſcenes that form this landſkip, a fine hanging wood, backed and contraſted with a wild heath, interſected with croſs roads, is a very conſiderable object. Near adjoining to this, is a ſeat, from whence the water is ſeen to advantage in many different ſtages of it's progreſs; or where (as a poetical friend once obſerved) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley.

PROCEEDING hence through a (N° 21) wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild ſhaggy precipices, hanging coppice ground, and ſmooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an oppoſite character to the ground from which we paſſed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a (N° 22) ſeat under a ſpreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

" Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
" Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
" Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
" Dii melius fecere"———

IN the center of the hanging lawn before you, is diſcovered the houſe, half hid with trees and buſhes.

A little

A little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, iſſues through a noble clump of large oaks and ſpreading beeches. At the diſtance of about ten or twelve miles, Lord Stamford's grounds appear; and beyond theſe the Clee Hills in Shropſhire. The ſcene here conſiſts of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence paſſing ſtill a-long the top of the lawn, we croſs another gate, and behind the fence begin to deſcend into the valley. About half way down it is a (N° 23) ſmall bench, which throws the eye upon a near ſcene of hanging woods and ſhaggy wild declivities, intermixt with ſmooth green ſlopes and ſcenes of cultivation.

We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, and ſoon come to a (N° 24) ſeat, which gives a nearer view of the water before-mentioned, between the trunks of high over-ſhadowing oaks and beeches; beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a diſtance, the top of Clent hill appears, and the houſe upon a ſwell, amidſt trees and buſhes. In the center, the eye is carried by a ſideling view down a length of lawn, till it reſts upon the town and ſpire of Hales, with ſome pictureſque and beautiful ground riſing behind it.

Somewhat out of the path, and in the center of a noble clump of ſtately beeches, is a (N° 25) ſeat inſcribed to Mr. Spence in theſe words:

IOSEPHO SPENCE,

EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;

CVI DICARI VELLET

MVSARVVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,

DICAT AMICITIA.

MDCCLVIII.

We now, through a ſmall gate, enter what is called the Lover's (N° 26) Walk, and proceed immediately to a ſeat where the water is ſeen very advantageouſly at full length; which, though not large, is ſo agreeably ſhaped, and has it's bounds ſo well concealed, that the beholder may receive leſs pleaſure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one ſide is fringed with alders, the other is over-hung with moſt ſtately oaks and beeches; and the middle beyond the water preſents the Hales Owen ſcene, with a groupe of houſes on the ſlope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another ſmall bench, which preſents the former ſcene ſomewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill: Proceeding on, we enter the pleaſing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a (N° 27) bench beneath a ſpreading beech that over-hangs both walk and water, which has been called the Aſſignation ſeat, and has this inſcription on the back of it.

" Nerine

" Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
" Candidior cygnis, hedera formoſior alba!
" Cum primum paſti repetent præſepia tauri,
" Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito."

Here the path begins gradually to aſcend beneath a depth of ſhade, by the ſide of which is a ſmall bubbling rill, either forming little peninſula's, rolling over pebbles, or falling down ſmall caſcades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very ſoft and penſive ſcene, very properly ſtiled the Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented (No 28) urn, inſcribed to Miſs Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenſtone's, who died of the ſmall-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one ſide:

PERAMABILI SUAE CONSOBRINAE
M. D.

On the other ſide:

AH MARIA
PVELLARUM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AH FLORE VENVSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QUANTO MINUS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

THE aſcent from hence winds ſomewhat more ſteeply to another (N° 29) ſeat, where the eye is thrown over a rough ſcene of broken and furzy ground; upon a piece of water in the flat, whoſe extremities are hid behind trees and ſhrubs, amongſt which the houſe appears, and makes upon the whole no unpleaſing picture. The path ſtill winds under cover up the hill, the ſteep declivity of which is ſomewhat eaſed by the ſerpentine ſweep of it, till we come to a ſmall bench with this line from Pope's Eloiſa;

" Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!"

The opening before it preſents a ſolitary ſcene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

WE now find the great uſe as well as beauty of the ſerpentine path in climbing up this wood. The firſt ſeat of which, alluding to the rural ſcene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

——— " Hic latis otia fundis
" Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
" Mugitusque boum, mollesque ſub arbore ſomni."

Here the eye, looking down a ſlope beneath the ſpreading arms of oak and beech trees, paſſes firſt over ſome rough furzy ground, then over water to the large ſwelling lawn, in the center of which the houſe is diſcovered among trees and thickets. This forms

forms the fore ground. Beyond this appears a ſwell of waſte furzy land, diverſified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-houſe, and a fine clump of trees. The back ſcene of all is a ſemi-circular range of hills, diverſified with woods, ſcenes of cultivation, and encloſures, to about four or five miles diſtance.

STILL winding up into the wood, we come to a ſlight ſeat opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, croſſing a large piece of water at about half a mile's diſtance. The next ſeat looks down from a conſiderable height, along the ſide of a ſteep precipice, upon irregular and pleaſing ground. And now we turn upon a ſudden into a long ſtraight-lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a ſmall ruſtic building. Though the walk, as I ſaid, be ſtraight-lined, yet the baſe riſes and falls ſo agreeably, as leaves no room to cenſure it's formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty (N° 30) Gothic ſeat, whence we look down a ſlope, more conſiderable than that before-mentioned, through the wood on each ſide. This view is indeed a fine one; the eye firſt travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whoſe ſloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence riſes gradually to the top of Clent Hill, at three or four miles diſ-

tance, and the landſkip is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, and the late Lord Dudley's houſe, and a large wood of Lord Lyttelton's. It is impoſſible to give an adequate deſcription of this view; the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful ſhape of ground; and all at ſuch a diſtance as to admit of being ſeen diſtinctly.

HENCE we proceed to the (N° 31) ruſtic building before-mentioned, a ſlight and unexpenſive edifice, formed of rough unhewn ſtone, commonly called here the Temple of Pan; having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inſcription over the entrance:

" Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
" Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magiſtros."

Hence mounting once more to the right, through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightſome high natural terrace, whence the eye is thrown over all the ſcenes we have ſeen before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a (N° 32) ſeat with this inſcription:

DIVINI GLORIA RVRIS!

To

To give a better idea of this, by far the moſt magnificent ſcene here, it were, perhaps, beſt to divide it into two diſtinct parts—the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right.—In regard to the former; if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic ſcenery the Chineſe ever yet deviſed, it would, perhaps, afford him the higheſt idea he could poſſibly conceive of earthly happineſs. He would certainly wiſh to ſwim in it. Suffice it to ſay, that the horiſon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee Hills, the Wrekin, the Welſh Mountains, or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious diſtance; which, though they finiſh the ſcene agreeably, ſhould not be mentioned at the Leaſowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon diſtinguiſhable ſcenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the oppoſite ſide thereof well fringed with woods; and the high hills on one ſide this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But theſe are a kind of objects, which, though really noble in the ſurvey, will not ſtrike a reader in deſcription, as they would a ſpectator upon the ſpot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and croſſing Pan's temple, we go directly down the ſlope, into another part of Mr. Shenſtone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleaſing home

ſcenes of well-ſhaped ground, exhibiting a moſt perfect concave and convex, till we come at a ſeat under a noble beech, preſenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, half a mile's diſtance, the Gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more diſtant part of the concave, and a farm-houſe upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The (N° 33) next and the ſubſequent ſeat afford pretty much the ſame ſcenes a little enlarged; with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees, called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family ſeat of the Lytteltons, and from whence the preſent Lord Lyttelton derives his title.

We come now to an handſome (N° 34) Gothic ſcreen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in full front upon a caſcade in the valley, iſſuing from beneath a dark ſhade of poplars. The houſe appears in the center of a large ſwelling lawn, buſhed with trees and thicket. The pleaſing variety of eaſy ſwells and hollows, bounded by ſcenes leſs ſmooth and cultivated, affords the moſt delightful picture of domeſtic retirement and tranquillity.

We now deſcend to a (N° 35) ſeat encloſed with handſome pales, and backed with firs, inſcribed to Lord Lyttelton. It preſents a beautiful view up a

valley

valley contracted gradually, and ending in a groupe of moſt magnificent oaks and beeches. The right hand ſide is enlivened with two ſtriking caſcades, and a winding ſtream ſeen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic ſcreen on the ſlope of the center.

WINDING ſtill downwards, we come to a (N° 36) ſmall ſeat, where one of the offices of the houſe, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is ſeen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable inſtance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next (N° 37) ſeat ſhews another face of the ſame valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two ſeeming groves without any caſcade, as a contraſt to the former one where it was broken by caſcades. The ſcene very ſignificantly alluded to by the motto:

" Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
" Flumina amem, ſilvasque inglorius!"

WE deſcend now to a beautiful gloomy ſcene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we paſs by a ſmall obeliſk on the right hand with this inſcription:

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

Before this is a ſlight bench, where ſome of the ſame objects are ſeen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very eaſy either to paint or deſcribe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect deſcription, by the difficulty found by thoſe who have aimed to ſketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, firſt obſerved, that the whole ſcene is opake and gloomy, conſiſting, of a ſmall deep valley or dingle; the ſides of which are incloſed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood; and the whole over-ſhadowed with lofty trees riſing out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious ſtream makes it's way through moſſy banks, enamelled with primroſes, and variety of wild wood flowers. The (N° 38) firſt ſeat we approach is thus inſcribed,

CELEBERRIMO POETAE
IACOBO THOMSON
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

" Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
" Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus auſtri,

" Nec

" Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles."

This ſeat is placed upon a ſteep bank on the edge of the valley; from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the ſound of various caſcades, by which the winding ſtream is agreeably broken. Oppoſite to this ſeat the ground riſes again in an eaſy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a ſmall rill trickles down a rude nich of rock work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatic weeds. The green area in the middle, through which the ſtream winds, being as well ſhaped as can be imagined. After falling down theſe caſcades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itſelf into a ſmall lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the ſcene upon the right; and after theſe objects have ſome time amuſed the ſpectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the moſt beautiful caſcades imaginable is ſeen, by way of incident, through a kind of viſta, or glade, falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and ſtrikes us with ſurprize. It is impoſſible to expreſs the pleaſure which one feels on this occaſion; for though ſurprize alone is not excellence, it may ſerve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe, none ever behold this grove, without a thorough ſenſe of ſatisfaction; and were one to chuſe any one

one particular ſpot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it ſhould, perhaps, be this; although it ſo well contraſts both with the terrace and with ſome other ſcenes, that one cannot wiſh them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a ſeat at the bottom of a large root on the ſide of a ſlope, with this inſcription,

'O let me haunt this peaceful ſhade;
'Nor let Ambition e'er invade
'The tenants of this leafy bower
'That ſhun her paths, and ſlight her power.

'Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
'From ſocial meads, and open ſkies;
'Pleas'd by this rill her courſe to ſteer,
'And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

'The trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
'Forſakes the river's proud domains;
'Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
'To lurk within this humble ſtream.

'And ſure I hear the Naiad ſay,
"Flow, flow, my ſtream, this devious way,
"Tho' lovely ſoft thy murmurs are,
"Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

"Flow, gentle ſtream, nor let the vain
"Thy ſmall unſully'd ſtores diſdain:

"Nor

" Nor let the penſive ſage repine,
" Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine."

THE view from it is a calm tranquil ſcene of water, gliding through the ſloping ground, with a ſketch through the trees of a ſmall pond below.

THE ſcene in this place is that of water ſtealing along through a rude ſequeſtered vale, the ground on each ſide covered with weeds and fieldflowers, as that before is kept cloſe-ſhaven. Farther on, we loſe all ſight of water, and only hear the noiſe, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chineſe are fond of producing in what they call their ſcenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a ſudden upon the high caſcade, which we admired before in viſta. The ſcene around is quite a grotto of native ſtone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole ſhaded over head. However, we firſt approach upon the left a chalybeat ſpring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inſcription upon a ſtone,

FONS FERRVGINEVS
DIVAE QUAE SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

Then turning to the right, we find a ſtone ſeat, making part of the aforeſaid cave, with this well-applied inſcription,

INTUS AQVAE DVLCIS, VIVOQVE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

Which

Which I have often heard Mr. Shenſtone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a ſhady path on the left hand, and croſſing the head of this caſcade, paſs beſide the river that ſupplies it, in our way up to the houſe. One ſeat firſt occurs under a ſhady oak as we aſcend the hill; ſoon after, we enter the ſhrubbery which half ſurrounds the houſe, where we find two ſeats thus inſcribed, to two of his moſt particular friends. The firſt thus,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPSAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HAEC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

And a little further the other, with the following inſcription,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI JAGO.

From this laſt is an opening down the valley over a large ſliding lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water croſſed by a conſiderable bridge in the flat—the ſteeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making on the whole a very pleaſing picture. Thus winding through flowering ſhrubs, beſide a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the ſtables. But let it not be forgot, that on the entrance into this ſhrubbery, the firſt object that ſtrikes us is a Venus de Medicis, beſide a baſon of gold fiſh, encompaſſed round with ſhrubs, and illuſtrated with the following inſcription.

"Semi-

—— " Semi-reducta Venus."

" TO Venus, Venus here retir'd,
" My ſober vows I pay:
" Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
" The bold, the pert, the gay.

" Not her whoſe amorous leer prevail'd
" To bribe the Phrygian boy;
" Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
" To ſave diſaſt'rous Troy.

" Freſh riſing from the foamy tide,
" She every boſom warms;
" While half withdrawn ſhe ſeems to hide,
" And half reveals, her charms.

" Learn hence, ye boaſtful ſons of taſte,
" Who plan the rural ſhade;
" Learn hence to ſhun the vicious waſte
" Of pomp, at large diſplay'd.

" Let ſweet concealment's magic art
" Your mazy bounds inveſt;
" And while the ſight unveils a part,
" Let fancy paint the reſt.

" Let coy reſerve with coſt unite
" To grace your wood or field;
" No ray obtruſive pall the ſight,
" In aught you paint, or build.

" And far be driven the ſumptuous glare
" Of gold, from Britiſh groves;
" And far the meretricious air
" Of China's vain alcoves.

" 'Tis baſhful beauty ever twines
" The moſt coercive chain;
" 'Tis ſhe, that ſov'reign rule declines,
" Who beſt deſerves to reign.

VERSES

TO

Mr. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornée, near Birmingham.

By the late Lady LUXBOROUGH.

'TIS Nature here bids pleaſing ſcenes ariſe,
And wiſely gives them Cynthio to reviſe:
To veil each blemiſh; brighten every grace;
Yet ſtill preſerve the lovely parent's face.
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
Theſe lucid ſtreams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modeſt art in ſilence lurks conceal'd,
While nature ſhines ſo gracefully reveal'd,
That ſhe triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with freſh pride, adopts the work of man.

To William Shenstone, Esq; at the Leasowes,

By Mr. Graves.

"Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus!" Hor.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free.
Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court:
Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peeress, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprize;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not satisfy'd, to town.
Yet if some kinder Genius point his way
To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,

Charm'd,

Charm'd with the ſylvan beauties of the place,
Where art aſſumes the ſweets of nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each conſecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling ſtream, his rapture move.
Like the ſage captive in Calypſo's grott,
The cares, the pleaſures of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine ſphere,
And longs to dwell a bliſsful hermit here.

VERSES received by the poſt, from a LADY unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy groves;
Health, and ſweet converſe with the Muſe he loves!
The humbleſt votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artleſs line,
In numbers ſuch as untaught nature brings;
As flow, ſpontaneous, like thy native ſprings.

But ah! what airy forms around me riſe?
The ruſſet mountain glows with richer dies;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice ſalutes my ear:
'Mortal, thy aim we know, thy taſk approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius love:
'For us what verdant carpets has he ſpread,
'Where nightly we our myſtic mazes tread!
'For us, each ſhady grove and rural ſeat,
'His falling ſtreams and flowing numbers ſweet!
'Didſt thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verſe adorns the moſſy cell?
'There every fairy of our ſprightly train
'Reſort, to bleſs the woodland and the plain.
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts ſublime we bleſs the ſwain,
'Nor we inſpire, nor he attends, in vain.

' Go, ſimple rhimer! bear this meſſage true;
' The truths the fairies dictate none ſhall rue.
' Say to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy grove,
' Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
" Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays,
" By others foſter'd, lend to others praiſe;
" No longer to the favoring world refuſe
" The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh'd Muſe;
" The ſcatter'd blooms, that boaſt thy valu'd name,
" Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
" Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verſe, engage
" More ſolid praiſe than in this happieſt age,
" When ſenſe and merit's cheriſh'd by the throne,
" And each illuſtrious privilege their own.
" Tho' modeſt be thy gentle Muſe, I ween,
" Oh, lead her bluſhing from the daiſy'd green
" A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye ſportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intruſted mandates of your fairy-ſtate,
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care;
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My ſheep lie pent with ſafety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the rooſt,
My linen more than common whiteneſs boaſt:
Let order, peace, and houſewifry be mine;
SHENSTONE, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

On the diſcovery of an echo at EDGBASTON.

By ———

HA! what art thou, whoſe voice unknown
Pours on theſe plains it's tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in SHENSTONE's dale,
Who doſt with plaintive note bewail
That he forſakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconſtant rills and ſhades?
Mourn not, ſweet nymphs — alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting ſong,
The liſtening herd around him ſtray'd,
In wanton friſk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naïad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The Graces danc'd; the roſy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple Pleaſures ſtrew'd the way
With ſweeteſt flowers: and every ray
Of each fond Muſe, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breaſt inſpir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature ſmil'd, while SHENSTONE ſung.

So

So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why doſt thou repeat—"no more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the ſcene the Muſes love;
And ſoon again will own their ſway,
And thou reſound the peerleſs lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. DODSLEY, on his firſt arrival at the LEASOWES, 1754.

" HOw ſhall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
" The ſource of this enchantment? Dwells it in
" The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
" O'er the tranſlucent waters? Sure, unſeen,
" Some favoring power directs the happy lines
" That ſketch theſe beauties; ſwells the riſing hills,
" And ſcoops the dales, to Nature's fineſt forms,
" Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
" By line or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair."
So ſpake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From diſtant plains
He ſought his friend's abode: nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.

And thus the ſwain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Thro' lawn or thicket he purſu'd his way:
" What is it gilds the verdure of theſe meads
" With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
" Of Paradiſe? What Naïad's guiding hand
" Leads, thro' the broider'd vale, theſe lucid rills,
" That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
" Along their banks; and thro' the vocal ſhades,
" Improve the muſic of the woodland choir?
" What penſive Dryad rais'd yon ſolemn grove,
" Where minds contemplative, at cloſe of day
" Retiring, muſe o'er Nature's various works,

" Her

" Her wonders venerate, or her ſweets enjoy—
" What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
" Preſiding, ſcatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
" In beauteous wildneſs, yon fair-ſpreading trees;
" And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
" And herds and bleating flocks, domeſtic fowl,
" And thoſe that ſwim the lake, ſees riſing round
" More pleaſing landſkips than in Tempe's vale
" Penéus water'd. Yes, ſome ſylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied proſpect; waves the woods,
" Lifts the proud hills, and clears the ſhining lakes;
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſting torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots,
" And interwoven trees; till, ſoon abſorb'd,
" An opening cavern all it's rage entombs.
" So vaniſh human glories! Such the pomp
" Of ſwelling warriours, of ambitious kings,
" Who fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage
" Of buſy life, and then are heard no more!

" Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And ſee, the ſpells,
" The powerful incantations, magic verſe,
" Inſcrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn.—
" Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
" Thine are the numbers! thine the wonderous work!—
" Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
" And lightly weigh all ſorcery, but Thine.
" No Naïad's leading ſtep conducts the rill;

" Nor

" Nor ſylvan god preſiding ſkirts the lawn
" In beauteous wildneſs, with fair-ſpreading trees ;
" Nor magic wand has circumſcribed the ſcene.
" 'Tis thine own taſte, thy genius that preſides,
" Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
" More potent ſpells than they."—No more the ſwain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the ſocial dome.

To Mr. R. D. on the Death of Mr. SHENSTONE.

"Thee, ſhepherd, thee, the woods and deſart caves,
"With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
"And all their echoes mourn." MILT.

'TIS paſt! my friend; the tranſient ſcene is clos'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted viſion, rais'd
By Damon's magic ſkill, is loſt in air!

What tho' the lawns and pendant woods remain,
Each tinkling ſtream, each ruſhing cataract,
With lapſe inceſſant echoes thro' the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeleſs landſkip now?
The charm's diſſolv'd; the Genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lyceum, crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal ſtrew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Reſound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dreamt of laſting joys:
Here we had hop'd, from noiſy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendſhip's cordial ſtream;
In ſweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verſe,
And ſocial converſe, many a ſummer's day.

Romantic

Romantic wiſh! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect ſketch of human bliſs—whilſt yet
Th' enraptur'd ſire his well-plann'd ſtructure views,
Majeſtic riſing 'midſt his infant groves:
Sees the dark laurel ſpread its gloſſy ſhade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilack blend,
Or pale laburnum drop it's penſile chain:
Death ſpreads the fatal ſhaft, and bids his heir
Tranſplant the cypreſs round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raiſe
To moral truths my groveling ſong; for, ah!
Too long, by lawleſs fancy led aſtray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fawns
Or Naïad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to ſanctify my ſtrains
With hymns, like thoſe by tuneful Meyrick ſung—
Or rather catch the melancholy ſounds
From Warton's reed, or Maſon's lyre—to paint
The ſudden gloom that damps my ſoul—But ſee!
Melpomene herſelf has ſnatch'd the pipe,
With which ſad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, my SHENSTONE is no more!

R. G.

VERSES

VERSES written at the Gardens of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſquire, near Birmingham, 1756.

" Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes.
" Angulus ridet." HOR.

WOULD you theſe lov'd receſſes trace,
And view fair Nature's modeſt face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket ſhed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By moſſy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without diſguiſe.

What tho' no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear;
Tho' rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliſs more pure and unconfin'd
Your ſtep attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reſerve ſhuts up his gate;
No ſpleen, no party views controul
That warm benevolence of ſoul,

Which

Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardleſs of each venal art;
Regardleſs of the world's acclaim;
And courteous with no ſelfiſh aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the coſtly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every Muſe and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naïads guide his floods;
Where all the Siſter-Graces gay,
That ſhap'd his walk's meandring way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie ſlumbering ſoft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the ſtock-dove's melting ſtrain,
Behold them riſe! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the ſtream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's myſtic maze.

"Such is the WAVING LINE," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!
"Yon ſtream that wanders down the dale,
"The ſpiral wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden ſkill,
"Slow twining ſcales yon diſtant hill
"With fir inveſted—all combine
"To recommend the WAVING LINE.

" The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
" The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
" The wand by Maïa's offspring born,
" The ſmooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
" The ſtructure of the Cyprian dame,
" And each fair female's beauteous frame,
" Shew, to the pupils of Deſign,
" The triumphs of the WAVING LINE."

Then ~~gaze, and~~ mark that union ſweet,
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick ſhifting as you ſtray,
The vivid ſcenes or fancy play;
The lawn, of aſpect ſmooth and mild;
The foreſt ground, groteſque and wild;
The ſhrub that ſcents the mountain gale;
The ſtream rough daſhing down the dale.
From rock to rock, in eddies toſt;
The diſtant lake in which 'tis loſt;
Blue hills gay beaming thro' the glade;
Lone urns that ſolemnize the ſhade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confuſion pleaſe,
With laſting health, and laſting eaſe,
To him who form'd the bliſsful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
Wiſh peace and freedom—theſe poſſeſt,
His temperate mind ſecures the reſt.

But

But if thy ſoul ſuch bliſs deſpiſe,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly ſcenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:
Go ſcorn SIMPLICITY—but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art conſigns to laſting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its ſource from HER ALONE.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq. in his Sickneſs.

By Mr. WOODHOUSE.

YE flow'ry plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling ſtreams, ye ſilver floods,
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Tho' [illegible] arms ſurvey;
While he conſumes in pain the night,
In languid ſighs the day.

The flowers diſcloſe a thouſand blooms,
A thouſand ſcents diffuſe;
Yet all in vain they ſhed perfumes,
In vain diſplay their hues.

Reſtrain, ye flowers, your thoughtleſs pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And ſadly drooping, ſide by ſide,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland ſhade,
Your lofty ſummits rear!
Ah why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves ſo fair!

For lo, the flowers as gay'ly ſmile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And tho' I ſadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, ſhould the fates an arrow ſend,
And ſtrike the fatal wound,
Who, who ſhall then your ſweets defend
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the pl[illegible]
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And ſome ſad dirge, or mournful ſong,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah no! they chant a ſprightly ſtrain
To ſoothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But ſee, theſe little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh mock not if, beſide your ſtream,
You hear me too repine;
Or aid with ſighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye

Ye envious winds, the cauſe diſplay,
In whiſpers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poiſon'd ſhafts of woe?

Did he not plant the ſhady bower,
Where you ſo blithely meet?
The ſcented ſhrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes ſweet?

Muſt he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verſe nor virtue ſhield
The guardian of the plain?

Muſt he his tuneful breath reſign,
Whom all the Muſes love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his ſongs approve.

Preſerve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'ſt the paths of life and ſenſe,
Or ſtop'ſt them at thy nod.

Bleſt pow'r, who calm'ſt the raging deep,
His valued health reſtore,
Nor let the ſons of Genius weep,
Nor let the Good deplore.

But if thy boundleſs Wiſdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my ſoul a wiſh diſcloſe
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For ſuch a god like mind,
To go where kindred ſpirits range,
Nor leave a wiſh behind.

And tho', to ſhare his pleaſures here,
Kings might their ſtate forego:
Yet muſt he feel ſuch raptures there,
As none can taſte below.

VERSES left on a SEAT, the Hand unknown.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who ſo much care and coſt beſtow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with uſeful ſhade,
And chear'd with tinkling rills each ſilent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever-[illegible] thy vernal glories ſpread!

CORYDON

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq.

I.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
And ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In ſooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The Graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would riſle their cell.
Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan:
His muſick was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And Winter diſcolor the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing
(Our hedges ſo vocal before),
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring.
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

IV.

His Phyllis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

FINIS.

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